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STORY OF THE BIBLE BY DR. AKED

"The notion loosely floating about," says the Rev. Charles F. Aked, who discusses the question in the current issue of Appleton's Magazine, "is that the Bible came down from heaven, cleanly printed, nicely bound in morocco and gilt-edged, with a book marker against that text which has been erroneously made to declare that every Scripture is inspired of God." The earliest version of the Bible, according to the best authorities, goes back to the second century, B. C. The earliest Hebrew copy of the Old Testament of undisputed date, however, goes back only to the tenth century, A. D.

Between these two date lines lies the story of the book with the miracle of the LXX the denomination of the Apocryphal books, and a thousand other interesting details.

The various stages which led up to the present edition of the Bible, known as that of King James, are defined by Dr. Aked as follows: "The revised version is based on the authorized version, which is an improved edition of the Bishop's Bible, which was a bad copy of Cranmer's Bible, which was based on Coverdale's translations of Dutch and Latin translations and Rogers' version of Tindall's Bible."

Truly a complicated pedigree. Yet even this covers only the later period. The very name of the Bible indicates something of its remarkable history. While it is treated as a singular noun, it really comes from two Greek words —ta Biblia—meaning simply "the books," and indicating that these sacred writings are in reality a collection of books. The reason that we speak today of the Old and New Testament is due to a misunderstood translation. Actually, it should be Old and New Covenant, since in its pre-Christian stage the religion of revelation is represented as the result of a covenant.

Later, when a new dispensation was spoken of, it was referred to as a new covenant. But the Greek word for covenant, among Latin-speaking Christians, was often erroneously rendered as Testament. As a consequence, western Christendom uses the terms Old and New Testament, while in other parts of the world the two parts of the Bible are referred to as the Old and New Covenant.

In early days of the pre-Christian era there was a continual struggle between religion which was primarily spiritual and that which was essentially political and unspiritual. When the prophetic predictions of judgment on national sin were fulfilled in the fall of the kingdom of Judah, political religion became an absurdity.

During the years in which the structure of the present-day Bible was taking form, it drew its substance from two sources, the historical and the prophetical. In the earliest days the latter which now constitutes various books was handed down by word of mouth; later by means of a vowelless writing. The difficulties and opportunities for subsequent difficulty are summed up by Dr. Aked.

"In a perfectly marvelous way," he says, "the Jews contrived to preserve a literature without having a vowel in their language. The very thought of it staggers one. Let any man write a column of today's newspaper, omitting every vowel as he writes, and then try to write out from the copy he has made a fair copy back again into English."

One of the surprising creations in the world of art is Michael Angelo's statue of Moses. The head, as many readers will remember, is adorned by two horns. Many persons may have wondered just where the great sculptor got the idea for this strange depiction. As a matter of fact, however, it was due to a misconception—an error in the retranslation which Dr. Aked discusses. The Latin words for feature or countenance and horns are similar. Through a misunderstanding of the Vulgate version of the Bible to which he turned, Michael Angelo read in a certain passage "the horns of Moses shone." Of course, the proper translation is that the countenance of Moses shone, but having read it horns, the sculptor proceeded to endow his statue with two horns.

Of the various books which constitute the Bible, as we have it, the time and manner of their collection is uncertain and obscure. The selection of the canonical books is mentioned as early as 130 B. C. But earlier divisions were made, and at much later dates the matter was still in dispute. The Old Testament has three currents of influence—the traditional lore of the priests, the teaching of the prophets and the religious life of the more enlightened people.

Each of these resulted, as might be expected, in increased difficulties, when it came to the point of codification. Different versions of the Old Testament became necessary at an early date, chiefly because the Jews in the west adopted the Greek language, while even in Palestine the old Hebrew was gradually supplanted by the Aramaic tongue. Perhaps the most remarkable in its history was the Alexandrian version, commonly known as the Septuagint (meaning the seventy), or the version of the LXX.

Concerning the chronology of the New Testament there is much argument, and many theories have been advanced to explain its apparent anachronisms. Perhaps the most interesting is that known as the Tubingen theory. Briefly, this theory holds that if a revelation is miraculous, it naturally escapes the restrictions of a purely historical narrative. In other words, a miraculous revelation may deal at once with events past, present, or future. Of all theories put forward this seems best to answer the objections of critics who look for flaws in the New Testament.

One of the great questions of the Bible is that concerning the canonicity of its books—that is, their right to be quoted as scripture. Different versions of the Bible admit or exclude various books, and these latter are generally referred to as the apocryphal books. Originally the word, of Greek origin, meant hidden—that is, esoteric. But it has now received an entirely different meaning—that of doubtful, or even spurious. The books which form the apocrypha of the Old Testament, of which the ordinary reader of the Bible knows little or nothing, include those known as as Esdras, Tobit, Judith, Baruch, the Song of the Three Holy Children, the History of Susanna, the History of the Destruction of Bel and Dragon and some others.

But vague as may be the origin of the Bible, and questionable as its composition may be held by scholars and scientists, it undoubtedly remains a great literary achievement. While Dr. Aked criticises various details, he points out that the spirit rather than the letter of the Bible is to be studied and followed. The danger which he sees in it comes not from knowledge of this remarkable book, but from ignorance concerning the simplest facts about it.

INDIAN FEASTS AND GODS

Power of Priests—Festival of Lanterns—Worship of Cobra

Religion plays a very important part in Indian village life; but it is in the holidays and the rites connected with them that religion asserts itself most conspicuously. It is then that the Brahman comes to the front, says The Empire Review. The Brahmans are the priests, the "Bhu-surs" (lords of the earth). They take the lead in all rural life absolutely and completely; in towns their ascendency may be disputed, but in the Mofussil they still reign supreme; in fact, in some of the more primitive and out of the way villages the Brahmans are actually objects of worship. Nothing can do on without them, neither births, marriages, deaths or feasts, and as a natural consequence there are many feasts.

The ryot as a rule has no agricultural work on a Monday—that is, he gives himself and his animals a hebdomedal rest on that day, and thus unconsciously keeps up an observance of nature similar to the Christian Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath. Then the "Shradh," or anniversary of the father's death, is always strictly kept; in that day the son shaves all the hair off his head and face, puts on clean white clothes, prays to the gods and gives offerings at the village shrine for the repose of his father's spirit. It is for this reason chiefly that the Hindu so passionately desires a son; if he has not one of his own he adopts one.

The Divali—or Feast of Lanterns—falls in January; it is the Hindu New Year and is the great business feast, as it were; all books are balanced and accounts adjusted at this time. The temples and houses are brilliantly lighted up, and the women flock to the nearest water, where they set afloat little earthen saucers filled with oil, in which they place lighted wicks.

Nag-panchami occurs in July-August. The monsoon, or rainy season, is supposed to end with this feast, and it is therefore, more extensively celebrated in the coast districts than in the inland parts; it is the great holiday for fishermen and seafaring folk generally. The cobra is worshiped; offerings of milk are placed in shallow holes in spots which these reptiles are known to haunt, while thousands of cocoanuts are thrown into the sea. India is emphatically a land of idols; idolatry seems to have a fascination for the Hindu mind. The common people of India are passionately devoted to the worship and service of idols; there are said to be 333,000,000 gods in Hindustan! The three great and specially venerated deities are Brahma, Vishnu and Siva—the Hindu Trimurti or Trinity. Brahma stands first, unapproachable and automatous. Only three temples in all India, I believe, are erected in his honor. He is merely looked as the chief of the Trimurti, but is not made the object of actual worship, as he is not supposed to take any interest in mundane affairs; he is the creator; the giver of all gifts and of all blessings, and controls the destinies of men, yet the same time is completely indifferent to them.

Igorotes Becoming Civilized

Des Moines Register and Leader.

It is a peculiar thing that the Igorotes have learned to say 'thank you,' 'good morning,' 'good-by,' 'how are you,' and expressions of that kind before they have learned anything else of the English language," said Edmund Pelder, who has charge of the Igorote village at the state fair. "It is peculiar," continued Mr. Felder, because they have no expressions of that kind in their own language. The nearest they have to them is a word that means 'it is well.' They use this word as we use 'all right' when told to do a thing, or that anything we approve has been done.

"They never caress each other and have no terms of endearment. It is a woman's duty to bring up the family and make the clothes and do the greater part of the work around the village, while the men are raised to make weapons and use them. Since coming to America, however, they have learned that life is not all fighting and a battle for existence; they see the humorous side of things and enjoy showing off their acts for the people who come to the village. While they throw their spears at the mark many times a day, they take almost as much interest in the sport as the officer does in his."

PEOPLE OF MIDDLE WEST

A third characteristic of the people of the middle west is their large view of things, or, to speak more accurately, their way of looking at things in the large. Because of the habit of ploughing fields by the square mile and of killing pigs by the carload, the man of Illinois deals in commercial ideas by the yard, not, as easterners do, by the quarter-inch. He plays for high strikes in business, and if, as is likely, he loses, he plays again. Whether he is up or whether he is down seems to matter little, provided he keeps in the game. This sweeping habit of mind, however, is fatal to fine analysis; and while, for example, the Illinois teacher is ready to try splendid, comprehensive experiments in the schools and colleges, while he handles the problems of education as Napoleon handled strategy, he is lacking in intellectual discrimination and finesse. As a result of this habit of mind, most of these middle westerners seem to the easterner superficial and inclined to accept what Gelett Burgess so cleverly calls "Bromidioms" for revelations of new truth. —James P. Munroe, in Atlantic Monthly.

"Wild Bill's" Tragic End

Kansas City Journal.

A number of Abilene people visited recently at Deadwood, S. Dak. They sought out the grave of J. B. Hickok, better known as "Wild Bill." He was the marshal of Abilene in the early days and a famous character. August 2, 1876, he was shot at Deadwood by Jack McCall. Edward Z. Kidd, who still lives at Deadwood, was an eyewitness to the killing, and he told this story of the tragedy, which is accepted as containing the exact details:

"I was at work wainscoting a hall on Main street," said Kidd, "when Wild Bill came into the place with four other men and they seated themselves at a table in the center of the room. Bill had his back to the door. Unnoticed, Jack McCall entered, and walking up to the bar, which was not more than a couple of feet from the table where the group was sitting, sneaked out his Colt's from his hip pocket, and without a word of warning fired. The bullet entered Wild Bill's head and came out in the middle of his forehead, and, glancing, struck one of the men at the table on the hand. Wild Bill's head struck the table, and a minute later he rolled to the floor. He died so quickly that he never knew or saw the man who shot him.

"Immediately after firing, McCall swung his gun around and commanded everybody to get out of the saloon, which they did without waiting. McCall stepped out into the street, swinging his Colt's about threateningly. After walking a block he attempted to jump on a horse which was standing near by. The saddle slipped, and seeing this method of escape was useless, he continued up the street.

"We yelled to some campers to stop him. They came up behind him with the head of their rifles on him. He dashed into a butcher shop, where we captured him. When his gun was examined we discovered that it had but one shell, and he had killed Wild Bill with that one. A jury was gathered from the miners in the camp, but as there was no law, and some fear of taking the law into its own hands, McCall was freed. He fled to Cheyenne, where he was later captured by the sheriff of Yankton. He was tried, convicted, and hanged.

"McCall's plea at the trial was that Wild Bill had killed his brother in Texas, but no one was ever able to discover that McCall had a brother. The real reason for the assassination was that Bill had won McCall's money in a poker game the night before, and McCall swore at the time that he would get even."

Before the Day of Matches

Peoria Star.

Sixty years ago the use of flint and steel to produce a fire was not wholly unknown. The late William E. Stone, of Peoria, lived at Beaver, Pa. His father one warm August night was stricken with apoplexy. The fire was out in the kitchen stove, and his mother in her distress, unable to find the tinder box, was obliged to send his brother Marsh two miles and a half to a neighbor. She gave him a handful of tow, which he put in his pocket. Arousing a neighbor with some difficulty, she gave him a live coal, which he wrapped in the tow and putting it back in his pocket, ran home. When he arrived there he swung the tow around his head, thus fanned the coal and produced a flame which lighted a candle. In the meantime relief had been so long coming that the father was past all surgery.

Changes.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed,
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead,
And then, we women can not choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care,
And yet, I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes I know;
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (heaven help and pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago:

Who might have been—ah, what, I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest!

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some to gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah! were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all!

—Robert Bulwer Lytton.

NEW YORK TENANTS LUCKY

In Comparison With the Man Who Rents House in London

According to Sidney Brooks, London correspondent for Harper's Weekly, New Yorkers who live in rented flats or houses are enjoying a condition of paradise, compared with the lot of the London tenant.

The British landlord, he campiains, is a tyrant; and the long lease system is the basis of his tyranny. The system of 12 months leases that obtain in New York is the Magna charta of the tenant. It has done infinitely more for American happiness than either the Declaration of Independence or the divorce laws. It makes landlords compliant and confers upon the tenant a status of something very like equality.

To be able to take a lease of a flat for a year, with the option of renewal at the same rent—a rent that in houses includes all decorations and repairs, and in flats includes steam heat, electric light and a perpetual supply of hot water—is to be a free man.

What London landlords are apparently on the lookout for is a slave, and a slave who ,besides being a millionaire, will outlive Methuselah. Virtually it is nothing more than the skeleton framework of a home that he hands over to you for 21 years. The tenant does the rest.

If he wishes to add a new window, or to put in the electric light, it must be done at his own expense. You are to imagine a procession of tenants passing through every London house, each one of them laying out money on some pet improvement plan of his own—this one adding a billiard room, that one concentrating on a gas cooking range, a third lavishing parquet flooring upon the drawing room, a fourth bringing the bathroom up to date, a fifth installing a heating system, and so on. And every one of the additions becomes in the end the landlord's property.

WOODPECKERS DESTROY

Many Telegraph and Telephone Poles in the West.

Birds are destroying telephone and telegraph poles in the south and southwest, particularly in Texas, Arizona and California, says the Western Electrician. In some places 50 per cent of all the poles along the right-of-way have been riddled by these innocent offenders, which belong to the woodpecker family.

One of the officials of the Western Union, who has recently returned from an inspection through the west, reported having seen 25 telephone poles with 200 or 300 holes drilled clear through them. Some of the holes were three or four inches in diameter.

An officer of the Illinois Central railroad counted the white cedar telephone poles along the right-of-way near Covington, Tenn., which had been affected by woodpeckers, and found that out of 260 poles 110, or 41 per cent, had been bored.

In some cases destruction of the pole takes only a few months, and the weakened condition of the pole makes it dangerous for a lineman to climb it.

Many methods for preventing this damage have been suggested, but probably the most successful is preservation with creosote. Nine of the creosoted poles opposite the one near Covington was examined and not a single hole was found. When it is considered that creosote will not only prevent the damage caused by the woodpecker, but also protect the pole indefinitely against both insects and decay, its great value as a preservative is apparent.

JAPANESE GREAT BATHERS

When the Anglo-Saxon pride themselves —as they have a perfect right to do—on the greater frequency of their baths over the rest of the western races, they should also remember that to the Japanese they must seem as unwashed as certain European races seem to them. Everybody takes a good scrub every day in Japan, a thing distinctly not true either in America or England, the two most bewashed countries in the Occident. In the capital city of Japan, which has 2,000,000 inhabitants and thousands of private bathtubs, between 800,000 and 1,000,000 persons visit the public baths every day, a thing unapproached by any occidental city.

HOW TO PLACE A PILLOW

You have probably been accustomed to sleep since your childhood on a pair of pillows lying broadside to your head. Sometimes you cannot sleep, however. Just try lying on them placed longwise, so that the lower ends will touch your armpits. You will find the amount of repose you get is double what you derive from them when placed in the ordinary fashion, which really leaves nothing for the base of the neck to rest upon. A properly constructed pillow should rest the head, neck and shoulders. The one most in vogue rests only the head.

Telephones in Desert Towns.

Los Angeles Times.

Before the year closes southwest coast cities will be on speaking terms with Needles and other desert points, including Searchlight, Nev. The first link in this immense telephone system was completed between Manvel and Searchlight Saturday. The main trunk line is now building out from Salt Lake City, eventually to connect with Los Angeles, and will be a link with the Needles-Arizona system connecting most of the desert mining towns.

That actual construction of the big trunk line is under way is news to coast people, but it has actually been completed between Salt Lake City and Wells, Nev., the first message going over the line last Monday. Gangs are now rushing to completion the line to Pioche. From there it will be a small matter to connect with Searchlight, across the state line, and when this is done coast counties will be able to talk with Salt Lake.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess

By ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER IX.

An Unparalleled Insult.

I was thoughtful as I walked across the place in front of the church in the full glare of the afternoon sun. It was past 4 o'clock; the town was more lively, as folk, their day's work finished, came out to take their ease and filled the streets and the cafes. I felt that I also had done something like a day's work; but my task was not complete till I had lodged my precious trust safely in the keeping of the duchess.

There was, however, still time to spare, and I sat down at a cafe and ordered some coffee. While it was being brought my thoughts played round Marie Delhasse. I doubted whether I disliked her for being tempted, or liked her for resisting at the last; at any rate, I was glad to have helped her a little. If I could now persuade her to leave Avranches, I should have done all that could reasonably be expected of me; if the duke pursued, she must fight the battle for herself. So I mused, sipping my coffee; and then I fell to wondering what the duchess would say on seeing me again so soon. Would she see me? She must, whether she liked it or not; I could not keep the diamonds all night. Perhaps she would like.

"There you are again!" I said to myself sharply, and I roused myself from my meditations.

As I looked up, I saw the man Lafleur opposite to me. He had his back toward me, but I knew him, and he was just walking into a shop that faced the cafe and displayed in its windows an assortment of offensive weapons—guns, pistols, and various sorts of knives. Lafleur went in. I sat sipping my coffee. He was there nearly twenty minutes; then he came out and walked leisurely away. I paid my score and strolled over to the shop. I wondered what he had been buying. Dueling pistols for the duke, perhaps! I entered and asked to be shown some penknives. The shopman served me with alacrity. I chose a cheap knife, and then I permitted my gaze to rest on a neat little pistol that lay on the counter. My simple ruse was most effective. In a moment I was being acquainted with all the merits of the instrument, and the eulogy was backed by the information that a gentleman had bought two pistols of the same make not ten minutes before I entered the shop.

"Really!" said I. "What for?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir. It is a wise thing often to carry one of these little fellows. One never knows."

"In case of a quarrel with another gentleman?"

"Oh, they are hardly such as we sell for dueling, sir."

"Aren't they?"

"They are rather pocket pistols—to carry if you are out at night; and we sell many to gentlemen who have occasion in the way of their business to carry large sums of money or valuables about with them. They give a sense of security, sir, even if no occasion arises for their use."

"And this gentleman bought two. Who was he?"

"I don't know, sir. He gave me no name."

"And you didn't know him by sight?"

"No, sir; perhaps he is a stranger. But indeed I'm almost that myself; I have but just set up business here."

"Is it brisk?" I asked, examining the pistol.

"It is not a brisk place, sir," the man answered regretfully. "Let me sell you one, sir!"

It happened to be, for the moment, in the way of my business to carry valuables, but I hoped it would not be for long, so that I did not buy a pistol; but I allowed myself to wonder what my friend Lafleur wanted with two—and they were not dueling pistols! If I had been going to keep the diamonds—but then I was not. And, reminded by this reflection, I set out at once for the convent.

Now the manner in which the Duchess of Saint-Maclou saw fit to treat me —who was desirous only of serving her—on this occasion went far to make me disgusted with the whole affair into which I had been drawn. It might have been supposed that she would show gratitude; I think that even a little admiration and a little appreciation of my tact would not have been, under the circumstances, out of place. It is not every day that a lady has such a thing as the Cardinal's Necklace rescued from great peril and freely restored, with no claim (beyond that for ordinary civility) on the part of the rescuer.

And the cause did not lie in her happening to be out of temper, for she greeted me at first with much graciousness, and sitting down on the corn bin (she was permitted on this occasion to meet me in the stable), she began to tell me that she had received a most polite—and indeed almost affectionate—letter from the duke, in which he expressed deep regret for her absence, but besought her to stay where she was as long as the health of her soul demanded. He would do himself the honor of waiting on her and escorting her home, when she made up her mind to return to him.

"Which means," observed the duchess, as she replaced the letter in her pocket, "that the Delhasses are going, and that if I go (without notice anyhow) I shall find them there."

"I read it in the same way; but I'm not so sure that the Delhasses are going."

"You are so charitable," said she, still quite sweetly. "You can't bring yourself to think evil of anybody."

The duchess chanced to look so remarkably calm and composed as she sat on the corn bin that I could not deny myself the pleasure of surprising her with the sudden apparition of the Cardinal's Necklace. Without a word, I took the case out of my pocket, opened it, and held it out toward her. For once the duchess sat stock-still, her eyes round and large.

"Have you been robbing and murdering my husband?" she gasped.

With a very complacent smile I began my story. Who does not know what it is to begin a story with a triumphant confidence in its favorable reception? Who does not know that first terrible glimmer of doubt when the story seems not to be making the expected impression? Who has not endured the dull dogged despair in which the story, damned by the stony faces of the auditors, has yet to drag on a hated weary life to a dishonored grave?

These stages came and passed as I related to Mme. de Saint-Maclou how I came to be in a position to hand back to her the cardinal's necklace. Still, silent, pale, with her lips curled in a scornful smile, she sat and listened. My tone lost its triumphant ring, and I finished in cold, distant, embarrassed accents.

"I have only," said I, "to execute my commission and hand the box and its contents over to you."

And, thus speaking, I laid the necklace in its case on the corn bin beside the duchess.

The duchess said nothing at all. She looked at me once—just once; and I wished then and there that I had listened to Gustave de Berensac's second thoughts and left with him at 10 o'clock in the morning. Then having delivered this barbed shaft of the eyes, the duchess sat looking straight in front of her, bereft of her quick-changing glances, robbed of her supple grace—like frozen quicksilver. And the necklace glittered away indifferently between us.

At last the duchess, her eyes still fixed on the whitewashed wall opposite, said in a slow, emphatic tone:

"I wouldn't touch it if it were the crown of France!"

I plucked up my courage to answer her. For Marie Delhasse's sake I felt a sudden anger.

"You are pharisaical," said I. "The poor girl has acted honorably. Her touch has not defiled your necklace."

"Yes, you must defend what you persuaded," flashed out the duchess. "It's the greatest insult I was ever subjected to in my life!"

Here was the second lady I had insulted on that summer day!

"I did but suggest it—it was her own wish."

"Your suggestion is her wish! How charming!" said the duchess.

"You are unjust to her!" I said, a little warmly.

The duchess rose from the corn bin, made the very most of her 63 inches, and remarked:

"It's a new insult to mention her to me."

I passed that by; it was too absurd to answer.

"You must take it now I've brought it," I urged in angry puzzle.

The duchess put out her hand, grasped the case delicately, shut it—and flung it to the other side of the stable, hard by where an old ass was placidly eating a bundle of hay.

"That's the last time I shall touch it!" said she, turning and looking me in the face.

"But what am I to do with it?" I cried.

"Whatever you please," returned Mme. de Saint-Maclou; and without another word, without another glance; either at me or at the necklace, she walked out of the stable, and left me alone with the necklace and the ass.

The ass had given one start as the necklace fell with a thud on the floor; but he was old and wise, and soon fell again to his meal. I sat drumming my heels against the corn bin. Evening was falling fast, and everything was very still. No man ever had a more favorable hour for reflection and introspection. I employed it to the full. Then I rose, and crossing the stable, pulled the long ears of my friend who was eating the hay.

"I suppose you also were a young ass once," said I with a rueful smile.

Well, I couldn't leave the cardinal's necklace in the corner of the convent stable. I picked up the box. Neddy thrust out his nose at it. I opened it and let him see the contents. He snuffed scornfully and turned back to the hay.

"He won't take it either," said to myself, and with a muttered curse I dropped the wretched thing back in the pocket of my coat, wishing much evil to everyone who had any hand in bringing me into connection with it, from his eminence, the Cardinal Armand de Saint-Maclou, down to the waiter at the hotel.

Slowly and in great gloom of mind I climbed the hill again. I supposed that I must take the troublesome ornament back to Marie Delhasse, confessing that my fine idea had ended in nothing save a direct and stinging insult for her and a scathing snub for me. My pride made necessity hard to swallow, but I believe there was also a more worthy feeling that caused me to shrink from it. I feared that her good resolutions would not survive such treatment, and that the rebuff would drive her headlong into the ruin from which I had trusted that she would be saved. Yet there was nothing else for it. Back the necklace must go. I could but pray—and earnestly I did pray—that my fears might not be realized.

I found myself opposite the gunmaker's shop, and it struck me that I might probably fail to see Marie alone that evening. I had no means of defense —I had never thought any necessary. But now a sudden nervousness got hold of me; it seemed to me as if my manner must betray to everyone that I carried the necklace—as if the lump in my coat stood out conspicuous as Mont St. Michel itself. Feeling that I was doing a half-absurd thing, still I stepped into the shop and announced that, on further reflection, I would buy the little pistol. The good man was delighted to sell it to me.

"If you carry valuables, sir," he said, repeating his stock recommendation, "it will give you a feeling of perfect safety."

"I don't carry valuables," said I abruptly, almost rudely, and with most unnecessary emphasis.

"I did but suggest, sir," he apologized. "And at least, it may be that you will require to do so some day."

"That," I was forced to admit, "is of course not impossible." And I slid the pistol and a supply of cartridges into the other pocket of my coat.

"Distribute the load, sir," advised the smiling nuisance, "one side of your coat will be weighed down. Ah, pardon! I perceive that there is already something in the other pocket."

"A sandwich-case," said I; and he bowed with exactly the smile the waiter had worn when I said that I came from Mont St. Michel.

CHAPTER X.

Left on My Hands.

"There is nothing else for it!" I exclaimed, as I set out for the hotel, "I'll go back to England."

I could not resist the conclusion that my presence in Avranches was no longer demanded. The duchess had, on the one hand, arrived at a sort of understanding with her husband; while she had, on the other, contrived to create a very considerable misunderstanding with me. She had shown no gratitude for my efforts, and made no allowance for the mistakes which, possibly, I had committed. She had behaved so unreasonably as to release me from any obligation. As to Marie Delhasse, I had had enough (so I declared in the hasty disgust my temper engendered) of Quixotic endeavors to rescue people who, had they any moral resolution, could well rescue themselves. There was only one thing left which I might with dignity undertake—and that was to put as many miles as I could between the scene of my unappreciated labors and myself. This I determined to do the very next day, after handing back this abominable necklace with as little obvious appearance of absurdity as the action would permit.

It was six o'clock when I reached the hotel and walked straight up to my room in sulky isolation, looking neither to right nor left, and exchanging a word with nobody. I tossed the red box down on the table, and flung myself into an armchair. I had half a mind to send the box down to Marie Delhasse by the waiter—with my compliments; but my ill-humor did not carry me so far as thus to risk betraying her to her mother, and I perceived that I must have one more interview with her—and the sooner the better. I rang the bell, meaning to see if I could elicit from the waiter any information as to the state of affairs on the first floor and the prospect of finding Marie alone for ten minutes.

I rang once—twice—thrice; the third was a mighty pull, and had at last the effect of bringing up my friend the waiter, breathless, hot, and disheveled.

"Why do you keep me waiting like this?" I asked sternly.

His puffs and pants prevented him from answering for a full half-minute.

"I was busy on the first floor, sir," he protested at last. "I came at the very earliest moment."

"What's going on on the first floor?"

"The lady is in a great hurry, sir. She is going away, sir. She has been taking a hasty meal, and her carriage is ordered to be round at the door this very minute. And all the luggage had to be carried down, and——"

I walked to the window, and, putting my head out, saw a closed carriage, with four trunks and some smaller packages on the roof, standing at the door.

"Where are they going?" I asked, turning round.

The waiter was gone! A bell ringing violently from below explained his disappearance, but did not soothe my annoyance. I rang my bell very forcibly again; the action was a welcome vent for my temper. Turning back to the window, I found the carriage still there. A second or two later, Mme. Delhasse, attended by the waiter who ought to have been looking after me, came out of the hotel and got into the carriage. She spoke to the waiter, and appeared to give him money. He bowed and closed the door. The driver started his horses and made off at a rapid pace toward the carriage road down the hill. I watched till the vehicle was out of sight and then drew my head in, giving a low puzzled whistle and forgetting the better part of my irritation in the interest of this new development. Where was the old witch going—and why was she going alone?

Again I rang my bell; but the waiter was at the door before it ceased tinkling.

"Where's she going to?" I asked.

"To the house of the Duke of Saint-Maclou, sir," he answered, wiping his brow and sighing for relief that he had got rid of her.

"And the young lady—where is she?"

"She has already gone, sir."

"Already gone!" I cried. "Gone where? Gone when?"

"About two hours ago, sir—very soon after I saw you go out, sir—a messenger brought a letter for the young lady. I took it upstairs; she was alone when I entered. When she looked at the address, sir, she made a little exclamation, and tore the note open in a manner that showed great agitation. She read it; and when she had read it stood still, holding it in her hand for a minute or two. She had turned pale and breathed quickly. Then she signed to me with her hand to go. But she stopped me with another gesture, and—and then, sir—"

"Well, well, get on!" I cried.

"Then, sir, she asked me if you were in the hotel, and I said no—you had gone out, I did not know where. Upon that, she walked to the window, and stood looking out for a time. Then she turned around to me, and said: 'My mother was fatigued by her walk, and is sleeping. I am going out, but I do not wish her disturbed. I will write a note of explanation. Be so good as to cause it to be given to her when she wakes.' She was calm then, sir; she sat down and wrote, and sealed the note and gave it to me. Then she caught up her hat, which lay on the table, and her gloves; and then, sir, she walked out of the hotel."

"Which way did she go?"

"She went, sir, as if she were making for the footpath down the hill. An hour or more passed, and then madame's bell rang. I ran up and, finding her in the sitting room, I gave her the note."

"And what did she say?"

"She read it, and cried 'Ah!' in great satisfaction, and immediately ordered a carriage and that the maid should pack all her luggage and the young lady's. Oh! she was in a great hurry, and in the best of spirits; and she pressed us on so that I was not able to attend properly to you, sir. And finally, as you saw, she drove off to the house of the duke, still in high good humor."

The waiter paused. I sat silent in thought.

"Is there anything else you wish to know, sir?" asked the waiter.

Then my much-tired temper gave way again.

"I want to know what the devil it all means!" I roared.

The waiter drew near, wearing a very sympathetic expression. I knew that he had always put me down as an admirer of Marie Delhasse. He saw in me now a beaten rival. Curiously I had something of the feeling myself.

"There is one thing, sir," said he. "The stable boy told me. The message for Mlle. Delhasse was brought from a carriage which waited at the bottom of the hill, out of sight of the town. And—well, sir, the servants were no livery; but the boy declares that the horses were those of the Duke of Saint-Maclou."

I muttered angrily to myself. The waiter, discreetly ignoring my words, continued:

"And, indeed, sir, madame expected to meet her daughter. For I chanced to ask her if she would take with her a bouquet of roses which she had purchased in the town, and she answered: 'Give them to me. My daughter will like to have them.'"

The waiter's conclusion was obvious. And yet I did not accept it. For why, if Marie were going to the duke's, should she not have aroused her mother and gone with her? That the duke had sent his carriage for her was likely enough; that he would cause it to wait outside the town was not impossible; that Marie had told her mother that she had gone to the duke's was also clear from that lady's triumphant demeanor. But that she had in reality gone, I could not believe. A sudden thought struck me.

"Did Mlle. Delhasse," I asked, "send any answer to the note that came from the carriage?"

"Ah, sir, I forgot. Certainly. She wrote an answer, and the messenger carried it away with him."

"And did the boy you speak of see anything more of the carriage?"

"He did not pass that way again sir."

My mind was now on the track of Marie's device. The duke had sent his carriage to fetch her. She, left alone, unable to turn to me for guidance, determined not to go; afraid to defy him—more afraid, no doubt, because she could no longer produce the necklace—had played a neat trick. She must have sent a message to the duke that she would come with her mother immediately that the necessary preparations could be made; she had then written a note to her mother to tell her that she had gone in the duke's carriage and looked to her mother to follow her. And having thus thrown both parties on a false scent, she had put on her hat and walked quietly out of the hotel. But, then, where had she walked to? My chain of inference was broken by that missing link. I looked up at the waiter. And then I cursed my carelessness. For the waiter's eyes were no longer fixed on my face, but were fastened in eloquent curiosity on the red box which lay on my table. To my apprehensive fancy the Cardinal's Necklace seemed to glitter through the case. That did not of course happen; but a jewel case is easy to recognize, and I knew in a moment that the waiter discerned the presence of precious stones. Our eyes met. In my puzzle I could do nothing but smile feebly and apologetically. The waiter smiled also—but his was a smile of compassion and condolence. He took a step nearer to me, and with infinite sympathy in his tone observed:

"Ah, well, sir, do not despair! A gentleman like you will soon find another lady to value the present more."

In spite of my vanity—and I was certainly not presenting myself in a very triumphant guise to the waiter's imagination—I jumped at the mistake.

"They are capricious creatures!" said I with a shrug. "I'll trouble myself no more about them."

"You're right, you're right. It's one one day, and another another. It's a pity, sir, to waste thought on them—much more, good money. You will dine tonight, sir?" and his tone took a consolatory inflection.

"Certainly I will dine," said I; and with a last nod of intelligence and commiseration, he withdrew.

And then I leaped, like a wild cat, on the box that contained the cardinal's necklace, intent on stowing it away again in the seclusion of my coat pocket. But again I stood with it in my hand—struck still with the thought that I could not now return it to Marie Delhasse, that she had vanished leaving it on my hands, and that, in all likelihood, in three or four hours' time the duke of Saint-Maclou would be scouring the country and setting every spring in motion in the effort to find the truant lady, and—what I thought he would be at least anxious about—the truant necklace. For to give your family heirlooms away without recompense is a vexatious thing; and ladies who accept them and vanish with them into space can claim but small consideration. And, moreover, if the missing property chance to be found in the possession of a gentleman who is reluctant to explain his presence, who has masqueraded as a groom with intent to deceive the owner of the said property, and has no visible business to bring or keep him on the spot at all—when all this happens, it is apt to look very awkward for that gentleman.

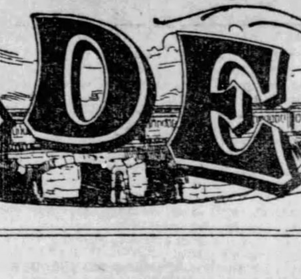
"You will regret it if you don't start with me;" so said Gustave de Berensac. The present was one of the moments in which I heartily agreed with his prescient prophecy. Human nature is a poor thing. To speak candidly, I cannot recollect that, amid my own selfish perplexities, I spared more than one brief moment to gladness that Marie Delhasse had eluded the pursuit of the Duke of Saint-Maclou. But I spared another to wishing that she had thought of telling me to what haven she was bound.

(To Be Continued.)

KILPATRICK'S RAID

BY W. L. CURRY

CAPTAIN FIRST OHIO VOLUNTEER CAVALRY



MAJ. GEN. JUDSON KILPATRICK

As Hood's whole army was now between us and Sherman's army, it was not particularly desirable for less than five thousand cavalry to remain in this position very long, and the destruction of the railroad, which ran through the main street of the town was begun at once. Tearing up the track and destroying the rails and ties was done principally by the Third division, as they had not been engaged in the fight when we entered the town. The Second brigade formed a line of battle south of the town and across the railroad; the Third brigade was formed facing Atlanta, and skirimishing was kept up all night. It was a wild night and a most graphic scene. The sky was lighted up with burning timbers, buildings and cotton bales; the continuous bang of carbines, the galloping of staff officers and orderlies up and down the streets carrying orders or dispatches, the terrified citizens peering out of their windows, the constant marching of troops changing position, Kilpatrick's headquarters band discoursing national airs, with the shouts of men—all made up a weird scene never to be forgotten by the troopers who were on that raid.

By midnight about two miles of the road had been effectually destroyed, and in attempting to move further south along the road a strong force of infantry was found posted behind barricades with timber cut in front. This position could not have been taken without a hard fight and heavy loss, and Kilpatrick then determined to withdraw from Jonesborough, make a detour to the east and strike the road again farther south. The movement was commenced about two o'clock on the morning of the 20th by Murray's division and Minty's brigade of the Second division marching on the McDonough road to the east, and the Second brigade, under Col. Long, remaining in the barricades to hold the infantry in check.

The Second brigade withdrew just as the first streaks of dawn began to appear in the east, and they were followed up closely by the enemy, both cavalry and infantry, the First Ohio holding the rear. After we had marched about five miles the advance regiments halted to feed their horses, and the enemy made an impetuous attack on the rear guard, and one battalion was dismounted, throwing up barricades hurriedly of logs and rails, and pprepared to give the enemy a warm reception.

The enemy attacked the barricades, and as their line was much longer, the battalion was outflanked on both sides, and, as the Johnnies would say, they took us "end ways." Although heavily outnumbered, this battalion of the First Ohio held its position until reinforcements were ordered by Col. Long, and the rebels were soon driven back in confusion towards Jonesborough. Gen. Kilpatrick, in speaking of the fight, complimented Col. Long for the manner in which he maneuvered his command. As Gen. Phil Kearney once said to a brigade commander who reported to him during one of the great battles in Virginia, and asked as to the position his brigade should take, "Fighting Phil" replied: "Just go in anywhere; there is lovely fighting all along the line." This seemed to be about the situation at this time

the same purpose, instead of scattering his troops, massed them. The brigades of Minty and Long were formed on the right of the road, and one regiment of Minty's brigade formed in the road. The Third division, under Col. Murray, formed on the left of the road, all facing toward McDonough, while the artillery ambulances, filled with the wounded, and ammunition wagon, were formed in the road with orders to follow up the charging columns as closely as possible. The troops were formed in columns of fours or platoons with the proper intervals, as it was thought best to strike the rebel line and pierce it in several places rather than charge in line, as it was a long distance to charge, and in some places the ground was cut up by ditches and washouts, with two or three fences between our forces and the rebel line.

During the time our troops were forming the surgeons and ambulance corps were busy gathering up the wounded, and caring for them as best they could. The rebels had formed two or three lines with infantry behind the barricades of fence rails and logs, as it seems they had anticipated a charge, and they were not disappointed in their expectations. When our troops were forming two batteries opened up on our lines from the front, and the infantry was closing up from our now rear from the railroad. When all was ready every eye was turned intently toward the line of barricades in front, from whence shells were now coming thick and fast, and through this line and over these barricades we must cut our way out, or surrender, and perhaps, starve in Andersonville.

Draw sabre! and forty-five hundred sabres ring out as they leap from their scabbards, the reins are tightened, the horses are excited, with nostrils extended as if they "sniffed the battle from afar."

It was a glorious sight, with horses stamping and champing the bits as if eager for the fray; standards and guidons flung to the breeze; with the dashing here and there of staff officers carrying orders; the serious face of the commander; the stern quick commands of the officers as the squadrons are forming. Many of the boys who witnessed and participated in that charge, but whose hair is now silvered with gray, can feel the flush of youth again mount their cheeks, and the blood course more rapidly through their veins as they go back in memory to the day they charged with Kilpatrick, August 20th, 1864.

The command "Forward!" is given, the bugles rang out "Trot! Gallop! Charge!" in quick succession, and the columns swept forward under the spur with a yell, scaling fences, jumping ditches, in that wild and reckless charge; the shells from the batteries were sweeping the lines, while troopers and horses were falling on every side.

The First Brigade struck the rebel line at the end of the road, and Long's Brigade struck farther to the right, and Capt. W. H. Scott, of the First Ohio, fell mortally wounded in front of one of the guns of a rebel battery. When our columns struck the barricades, the rebels retreated in great confusion, but a lieutenant, commanding a section of artillery, who gave his name as Young, was mortally wounded just in front of where Capt. Scott fell, as he was attempting to fire one of his pieces after all of his men had deserted their posts. Both brigades urged their horses over the barricades, cutting right and left. Many of the prisoners had sabre cuts on their hands, arms and heads, and it estimated that from six to eight hundred prisoners were sabred. Infantry, cavalry, led horses and artillery were fleeing in confusion, and at one time we had at least one thousand prisoners, but they nearly all escaped in our rapid march that dark night following.

After this long charge over broken ground, ditches, fences and woods, the regiments and brigades were considerably broken up, as many horses had been shot, troopers wounded or killed, and some horses falling in a ditch that we crossed were with great difficulty extricated, so that many of the men were dismounted.

Before Long's Brigade could get into position, as Col. Long had been ordered to cover the retreat, Minty's Brigade and The Third Division having moved out on the McDonough road, Long's Brigade was furiously attacked by Clebourne's Division of Infantry, and a battery of artillery, and this fight lasted about an hour, with a part of the brigade dismounted. In this assault Col. Long was severely wounded but rode his horse to the rear, being supported on either side by two mounted orderlies from his escort.

The First Ohio was forming on some high ground just as Col. Long rode to the rear, pale and bleeding. As he passed by the regiment he smiled and bowed, and was given a rousing cheer by the boys. The Third Ohio was still fighting, dismounted, and the brigade was falling back by alternate regiments, and just at this time the Chicago Board of Trade Battery came galloping back, dashed through a gate and into the dooryard of a plantation house on the opposite side of the road from where the First Ohio was forming. On the long porch in front of this house there were twelve or fifteen women and children wringing their hands, while some were crying, others were praying.

The battery opened up at once, and the rebel battery in our rear soon got range and sent the shells thick and fast, and at least one of them struck the roof of the house, thus adding to the terror of the women and children. While our battery was firing one of the guns burst, injuring two of the gunners. There was not a grim veteran of our command whose heart was so hardened by the every day scenes of carnage that it did not go out in sympathy for those mothers with their children, and who would not have freely risked his own life to have saved them; but no aid could be rendered those helpless ones, as no soldier could be spared from his post of duty.

The enemy was crowding the rear guard, and making a desperate effort, by shot and shell, to create a panic and stampede in the brigade. Never were the words of General Sherman more truthfully demonstrated that "war is cruelty, and you cannot refine it," than by this incident. Lieut. Bennett, who commanded the section of the battery in this fight, informed the writer the next day that all of the women and children escaped injury, which he considered almost a miracle under the circumstances, as the shells tore up the ground on all sides of the house.

Soon after Col. Long was wounded his brigade fell back in column through the lines of Minty's Brigade immediately in the rear, and Minty's men covered the column during the afternoon and had some sharp skirmishes with Clebourne's Division, following up with infantry and artillery.

The whole command moved rapidly toward McDonough. Both men and horses were tired out and exhausted, and after the excitement of two days and nights of almost continuous fighting, there was a complete collapse when the fighting ceased, and the men had lost so much sleep that they seemed perfectly indifferent to all surroundings.

The command marched all night in a drenching rain, but it was utterly impossible to march in any kind of order or to keep out an advance guard, as men and officers would go to sleep. In some instances the horses would halt along the road in fence corners, and the riders would either unconsciously dismount, or fall asleep until dragged out by the rear guard and compelled to mount and move on with the column. Many of them lost their hats, and no doubt others were taken prisoners by the enemy, and the column moved on silently, horses exhausted, half of the men and officers asleep, and the night as dark as pitch. About two or three o'clock in the morning of the 21st, the column halted.

We were ordered to unsaddle, as we had not unsaddled since leaving Sandtown the evening of the 18th, and as soon as the saddles were removed the men tumbled down among the trees on the wet ground at their horses heads, and were soon sound asleep. We halted there until six o'clock; about three hours, then saddled. Moving on about half a mile we found ourselves on the bank of a stream called Cotton Indian creek, at high flood, the banks full to overflowing, and no bridges. We had to swim our horses across this stream, and as the banks were steep there was a deep cut on either side of the stream, leading to the ford and it was not possible to get up the bank except at one point, so that that process of crossing the stream was tedious.

Picket ropes were stretched across the stream, and Gen. Kilpatrick and his division and brigade commanders were on the bank superintending the crossing. Men, horses and mules were floundering around in the stream, and it was no doubt the first attempt of some of the horses to swim, and in some instances the men would get frightened, pull on the reins, and as a result many of the riders were unhorsed, and were saved only by the ropes. A number of soldiers were drowned. Forty or fifty horses and a number of mules were lost, and the dismounted gun, hauled in an ammunition wagon, was abandoned. But the ambulances, carrying nearly one hundred wounded, were all safely crossed.

Having crosed this stream we were not again troubled by the enemy; they did not follow us, as they were in no better condition for fighting than our own forces. Guns and ammunition were soaked with water, as every man in the command was wet above the waist after fording the creek.

The command marched all day, and about dark reached Lithonia, on the Augusta railroad, and went into bivouac for the night, rejoicing to have the opportunity for a much needed rest, as we had now been out three days and nights, had only unsaddled once, and had not more than two hours' sleep, excepting what we had snatched in the saddle. The next day the command marched through Lattimer and Decatur, and reached our old camp at Buckhead about sundown of the 22nd, having marched completely around Hood's army in about five days.

Gen. Kilpatrick, in his report to Gen. Sherman after the raid, stated that the defeat of the Confederates in the charge "was the most complete rout that the rebel cavalry had sustained during the war."

In summing up results he stated that "four miles of railroad track was completely destroyed, and ten miles badly damaged. Two locomotives with one train of cars were totally destroyed, and another train partially destroyed. A wagon train and many ambulances were captured, and a large amount of army supplies burned at Jonesborough. One four-gun battery, three battle flags, with a large number of horses and mules, were captured, and one hundred prisoners of the eight hundred to one thousand taken at Lovejoy, were brought into our lines, the balance having escaped in the darkness during the rapid march in a pouring rain on the night of August 20th.

Gen. Long, in a letter written to the writer a few years ago, stated that in the fight with Clebourne's Infantry, after the charge, and when Long was severely wounded, that he "maneuvered his brigade by bugle commands or signals as he had never seen done before or since in a battle."

The losses in killed, wounded and missing in the two divisions was three hundred and twenty-six, of which two hundred and sixteen were in the brigades of Minty and Long, Second Division, and one hundred and ten of the Third Division. Among the officers killed were Capt. W. H. Scott, of the First Ohio Cavalry, Inspector General on the staff of Col. Long; Capt. James G. Taylor, 7th Pa. Cavalry; Lieut. C. C. Hermans, 7th Pa. Cavalry.

The Confederate losses were heavy, but could not be ascertained definitely, but it was no doubt as heavy as our own. A dispatch sent from Atlanta to the Memphis Appeal, and published a few days after the fight, gives the Confederate side, and is herewith published.

"The newspapers have lately been full of accounts of how Martin's Division of Cavalry was run over by the Yankees at Lovejoy on the 20th ultmo. The writer was on the field on that occasion, and in justice to the much abused cavalry states the facts in the matter.

"Martin's Division, supporting the battery, was formed on the McDonough road. Ross, and Ferguson's commands on foot weer in front and on each side of the battery, behind rail breastworks. A brigade of Clebourne's Infantry was on the left of the road in three lines, the last one in a piece of woods. About one hundred yards in rear of the position of the battery, on the right of the road (east side) the state troops were formed in line. When the Yankees charged they came in a solid column, ten or twelve lines deep, running their horses and yelling like devils. They didn't stop to fight or attempt to keep any kind of order or formation, but each fellow for himself rushed on, swinging his sabre over his head.

"They rode over Ross' and Ferguson's men in the center, and over and through Cleybourne's lines one after another on the left. Clebourne's first line, they say, tried to use their bayonets, but the Yankees cut them to pieces. After the Yankees had cut through all the other forces and captured the battery, Martin, seeing the field was lost, retreated in good order to the east and joined Clebourne's main body, and aided in the final defeat of the enemy on the McDonough road that evening, and pursued them to and through McDonough that night, recapturing nearly five hundred of our men, which they took in the charge. The effort to arouse the people against Martin and his brave division is more disgraceful and demoralizing than the Yankee's charge itself, and should be frowned upon by all who wish well to our cause."

The distance marched by Kilpatrick's command was about one hundred and twenty miles.

THE END.

Uplift in Iron Business

Milwaukee Sun.

"I do not know how it is with others, but rour works are ruuuing full time," said Judge S. W. Lamoreux, Beaver Dam Malleable Iron Works. "It is curious that we shipped more tons last month than we did during the month of July in last year. We will ship more tons this month than we did in the month of August, 1907.

"How do I account for it? I do not attempt to. The orders keep coming in and we fill them, that is all, without bothering our heads as to the whys and wherefores. Other mills are starting up in other parts of the country.

"I know this for a fact, as some of our men have quit us and gone there on an offer of higher wages than we are paying, and we have had to go to Chicago to get men to take the places of those who left. I would not be surpriced to see most of the iron manufactories in the country in operation within the next 30 days."

TO-NIGHT Cascarets

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherrybark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all "wasting diseases" where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and, through them, the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing to apply to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

The Song of the Roving Sons

Just across the sunset's barriers, just across the Farthest Sea,
Lies the Land of Lost Illusions, lies the Isle of Used to Be!
Lies the harbor that we sailed from when the world was all attune
To the key of life's full flower, in the symphony of June.

How they begged that we should tarry ere we launched our darling bark,
Setting sail from southern sunlight to the realm of winter dark;
How they pleaded we should never brave the breakers and the foam,
But should bide beside the hearthstone and should live a life at home.

"No," we answered, "we must hurry, for the Roving Sons are we;
We must make the great adventure, we must sail the Seventh Sea;
We have done with sloth and safety and the Little People's ways;
Better bitterness than languor, better life than length of days!"

And we sail—and still are sailing underneath a starless sky,
Over wastes of waves uncharted, where we know not how nor why;
Certain only we can never more recross the Farthest Sea
To the Land of Lost Illusions, to the Isle of Used to Be.

—Saturday Evening Post.

How He Found Big Nugget

Anaconda Standard.

Johnny Kearn, who has spent many years in the placer mines of the old Highland district, was in Butte yesterday. Mr. Kearn achived considerable distinction last winter when he discovered the largest nugget ever found in the Highland district, it netting him $1,228 when it was sold in the assay office in Helena.

"I will tell you how I found it," he said to a reporter for the Standard. "I took up some ground of my own on the head of Poodle Dog Gulch, where no one had a claim. I went up close to a big slide and began working where placer miners had worked 40 years ago and again 20 years ago.

"I left the cabin pretty early and built a fire on a place where it looked like there used to be a side ditch. You could trace it, although it is grass grown. I thawed the ground out and then I began digging. Pretty soon I got down to the gravel. I had not shoveled for more than ten minutes before I found him. My shovel struck something that seemed hard and I looked close and saw it was yellow. His nose was pointed right toward me, and you bet I got busy with my shovel and in a litle while I had him in my hands. I saw it was a nugget weighing pounds—he weighed five of them—and I knocked off work and came to town. I took him to Mr. Johnson, of the Clark bank, and he put him in the window, where people looked at him for six weeks, and then he was sold to the assay office.

"Where I found the nugget men had worked 40 years ago and 20 years ago. The last work was done by some Chinamen, and they were within three or four feet of the big nugget when they quit work. If they had found him they would have torn up the entire mountainside looking for more like him."

Appendicitis in Egypt.

Chicago News.

The injuries, disease, and peculiarities of the people who lived in the valley of the Nile from prehistoric until early Christian times, a period of over 5,000 years, are shown in a pathological collection on view at the Royal College of Surgeons in London. The collection was obtained during the exploration of fifty-seven cemeteries in the area of the Nile valley lying immediately south of the Pillars of Konosso, which mark the frontier of ancient Egypt.

In one grave were found the abdominal organs of a woman so well preserved that it was possible to say that she suffered from appendicitis—which is considered to be the earliest evidence of this disease. Typical lesions of gout were found in an early Christian subject.

A pair of splints, with bandages, were found on the forearms of a young woman's body, both the forearms having been broken just above the wrists. The splints are almost identical with those used at the present day.

Cranks and the President.

Philadelphia Record.

Cranks, like death, love a shining mark,. The most conspicuous man in the country is the man most in their disordered minds. The secret service men calculate that about two cranks a day try to see the President. He is the man who owes them money. He is the man who can turn over the contents of the treasury to them. He can give them the one opportunity needed to renovate the world. Fortunately, few of these persons of unsettled minds are dangerous. Some are, and there are some dangerous men who are not cranks, but most of the unwelcome visitors to the President are harmless.

In Modern Africa

Strand Magazine.

The kingdom of Uganda is a fairy tale. You climb up a railway instead of a beanstalk, and at the end is a wonderful world. The scenery is different, the vegetation is different, the climate is different, and, most of all, the people are different from anything elsewhere to be seen in the whole range of Africa. Instead of the breezy uplands, we enter a tropical garden. In place of naked, painted savages, clashing their spears and gibbering in chorus to their tribal chiefs, a complete and elaborate polity is presented. Under a dynastic king, a parliament and a powerful feudal system, an amiable, clothed, polite and intelligent race dwell together in an organized monarchy between the Victoria and Albert lakes.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE MEN WHO MAKE A NATION

The International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 20 Is a Quarterly Review.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Daily papers will always continue to be more attractive to the great body of people than wise and informing volumes, for the simple reason that the newspaper mirrors life. Whatever its faults and shortcomings, it must be admitted of the daily press that it quite fairly represents contemporaneous human nature. Flesh and blood persons walk through its pages every day. They work and love and quarrel and aspire and sin, just as they do in life. In other words, the attractiveness of journalistic history is its biographical aspect. Carlyle said: "The best history is biography." We most clearly understand events and epochs as they are embodied in the careers of the actors who had part in them. Therein, too, is the charm of the Old Testament and history of the Jews. The sacred narrative depicts the living, breathing men and women whose lives were interwoven with the events described.

For three months the Sunday schools of the world have been studying an epochal period in israel's history, as they have read it in the lives of three or four outstanding men. These were the makers of the new nation. To know them is to understand the history of the Jews as the nation passed from a theocracy to a kingdom. Two anointed men are the outstanding figures, and the spiritual and political decline and rise respectively of these characters has held the center of interest.

So from the heights of will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns the slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends.
From the same cradle side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the peaceful sea.

A Leader Who Stood Fast.

Luminously written on the very surface of these familiar stories, which most persons learn to love in childhood, is the lesson that it is the spirit that makes the man and that makes the nation. When a person or a people loses spirituality, all is lost. The state of the heart underlies all other conditions. Saul declined in spirit ere he began to totter on the throne; David grew in spiritual power and in favor with God before he grew in the graces of the people. Then as now the moral character and the spiritual training of the nation and of its leaders were the determining factors in its destiny. Our own land is to be shaped, not by the strife and contending ambitions and policies of the politicians, but by the quiet, imperceptible forces of religion and morality. As Woodsworth says:

"Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
Be lost through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear;
What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short."

The beginning of the troubles of old Israel, like the troubles of many a modern man, was the desire to follow the fashion. It was not courageous enough and wise enough to live its own life in its own way. Because the neighboring nations had kings, Israel would not be content until it too had a king. The wise counsel of the man of God, the last of the Judges, venerable Samuel, it disregarded. Nevertheless, Samuel did not fall into a pet and sulk because his advice was not heeded. He counseled the people fairly and bravely, yet did not desert them when in perversity they chose to follow folly. It was a magnificent spectacle which this grand old man of Israel presented as, rejected from the place of leadership himself, in the rejection of the kingship of Jehovah whom he represented, he yet faithfully sought to help the people make the best of their second choice. For himself he is an immortal example of a first-grade man in a second place.

Seeking Asses, Finds a Throne.

Diligently seeking some stray asses, the handsome youth Saul comes upon the scene. That day, when he had left the home of his father, Kish, in pursuit of a commonplace task, ne little dreamed that he was to find instead the pathway to a throne. Head and shoulders above his fellowmen, of magnificent physique and comeliness, with the ardor of youth in his heart, purified by a real spirituality, was a figure to win admiration as he came face to face with this great opportunity.

Like many a later counterpart, Saul could not stand prosperity and honor. He grew big in his own sight. He thought too much of Saul and too little of duty and of God. He was an early example of that familiar type of man who walks through life as in a lane of mirrors, seeing only himself, whichever way he turns. Satisfied with this image, he soon ceased to grow. Saul the big became Saul the little; Saul the modest became Saul the vain; Saul the magnanimous became Saul the jealous. He lost his crown of kingly character long before he lost the crown of Israel. In the sense of the modern colloquialism, he "lost his head" years before a Philistine sword touched his neck.

A Mean Sire's Noble Son.

As unreined selfishness and vanity always are a sorry sight, so Saul presented a pitiable spectacle in his vengeful pursuit of young David, of whom he was envious. He neglected the business of the kingdom while he brooded over his personal grudge against Jesse's son. Peace and power both fled from him, as they can never dwell in the heart that harbors hate. Even while he sat on the throne of his people he was restless, but in the loneliness of a selfish man, Saul was a magnificent failure.

Happily the proverb "Like father, like son" is no more true than most proverbs. This inordinately self-centered and puffed-up king had a son who was a model of unselfish and courageous patriotism. Brave and daring Jonathan stands high among heroes; but his claim to immortality is his capacity for self-spending friendship. For this genius for loyalty, for his loyal heart it was a small matter to surrender even a throne for the sake of his friend. In the atmosphere of Saul's court, poisoned by suspicion and treachery, and jealousy, grew this fair flower of manhood to afford the ages a name synonymous with the highest type of friendship.

The Next Man for the Job.

On the walls of a large business house the other day I saw the motto: "If you don't like your job, don't worry; some other fellow will have it soon." There is always a man in waiting to take the unfit man's place. When Saulis fail, God has ready his David. His work is going to be done in the world, if not by one agent, then by another. He is King of kings, even when the lesser king is such a rebellious and self-vaunting and heaven-defying creature as Saul. David was called from the hillside where he tended the sheep to take the holy oil of anointing poured upon his head. He was not his fathers' choice, nor Samuel's choice, for the latter, who judged as men judge, thought that one of the strapping big sons of Jesse was built on the lines of a king. Young David was chosen by God because he was his simple faith in a benign and over-ruling Jehovah.

The heat which melts lead tempers steel. The court life that destroyed Saul made a man of David. Circumstances quite similar produced utterly different effects upon the two characters. Trouble, largely of Saul's making, overtook both the king on the throne and the slayer of Goliath, whom that king drove into exile. Somebody has said that "trouble is a chariot in which one may ride, or by which one may be over-ridden." David rode in the chariot. Out of all the bitter, lonely years of persecution he developed royal qualities, so that eventually, when his day came, as it always comes to the man who knows how to wait, and who improves his watting time, David found himself qualified to reign over the kingdom for which Saul had proved himself unfit. In like fashion, men go to the thrones of character.

ESSENCE OF TEA

Essence of tea is the new product claimed by an Edinburgh firm. Its preparation is the result of 20 years of research, as the fixing of the volatile constituents that give tea its aroma and cheering qualities has been a difficut problem to solve and had been previously given up. The brewing of the fragrant beverage now becomes a matter of dropping a teaspoonful of essence into a cupful of water.

A Song for the Flag.

Here is my love to you, flag of the free,
And flag of the tried and true,
Here is my love to your streaming stripes and your stars in a field of blue!
Here is my love to your silken folds wherever they wave on high,
For you are the flag of a land for which 'twere sweet for man to die!

Native or foreign are all as one when cometh the day of strife,
What is the dearest gift we can give for the flag but a hunman life!
Native or foreign are all the same when the heart's blood reddens the earth,
And native or foreign, 'tis love like this is the ultimate test of our worth!

Native or immigrant—here is the task to which we must summon our powers;
Ever unsullied to keep the flag in peace as in war's wild hours.
Selfishness, narrowness, graft and greed, and the evil that hates the light,
All these are foes of the flag today, all these we must face and fight.

Symbol of hope to me and to mine, and to all who aspire to be free!
Ever your golden stars may shine from the east to the western sea!
Ever your golden stars may shine, and ever your stripes may gleam
To lead us on from the deeds we do to the greater deeds that we dream!

Here is our love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the tried and true;
Here is our love to your streaming stripes and your stars in a field of blue!
Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over which you fly,
And native or foreign, we love the land for which it were sweet to die!

—Denis A. McCarthy.

Was Guilty of Lese Majeste.

New York Telegraph.

Suppose the kaiser's leg was injured at the military maneuvers, we shall be a long time getting at the truth of it. A German-American woman, who went back to the old country this summer, told me last week of an experience she had in the Thiergarten in Berlin. Some military parade was in progress and there was a prodigious crowd, for the kaiser was on view. The American woman gasped when she saw his majesty for she had pictured him in her mind as a giant, whereas, as all the world knows, (unofficially), he is a puny little man with a game hand.

"That the kaiser?" she gasped. "That little man!" And, bingo! a policeman swooped down on her. Her friends had a great time getting her free of the entanglements of lese majeste, and then only after she had made public confession that William II was the biggest man she ever saw.

The Senator's Model

New York Press.

The model had sat, with the necessary rests, for three hours in one position, the pose of a splendid senator of Washington, elegant, aristocratic. He had a fine head. He was quite noted for that. He had been model for illustrations of many heroic figures.

But the model with the fine head wore about the rustiest suit of clothes you ever saw. His shoes were down at the heel. His cuffs were frayed. His collar stayed put with difficulty, it was so old.

When the three hours were up he gave a sigh of relief, for posing is hard work. There is no work harder. The artist drew forth his wad and paid him. The model thanked him with a grateful smile.

"He is down and out," said the artist when he was gone. "He hadn't a penny to get his lunch with."

And when, before the picture he had drawn of him as a splendid senator of Washington with a complacent smile of satisfaction with the fine dignity of it.

Man Who Never Voted.

New York World.

James Cook Curtis, of New Hamburg, is 66 years old and has never voted. Before he came of age his father had been promised the postmastership and the politicians gave it to someone else. Young John made up his mind that he would have nothing to do with politics and would never be fooled. It is wrong not to vote. Everybody should vote to the best of his conscience and his intelligence. But as to many voters, not only in New Hamburg but in New York, they affect both primaries and elections little more than John Cook Curtis, who has never voted at all.

A Good Word for Bobwhite.

Outing Magazine.

Bobwhite has been accused of robbing grain fields in the south, though post mortems have shown that only twenty per cent of his food is grain and that he eats more than one thousand weed seeds in a meal. On this basis a Virginian bird-lover proved that with all his crimes against grain, he more than atoned by eating five hundred and seventy-two tons of weeds in that state every winter, not to mention his summer diet of grasshoppers and chinch bugs and wire worms and beetles and boll weevils and caterpillars. I think it was a Mr. Brewer who watched a family of young robins for a day and counted sixty worms disappear in their capacious craws. The same authority declares that four jays will eat a million caterpillars in a season.

Finds $10,000 in Old Sofa

Trenton Dispatch to New York World.

Frank Hughes, of Patterson, today obtained from Judge William M. Lanning in the United States district court a rule requiring the Northampton and Williamsburg Street Railway company, of Springfield, Mass., to show cause why Hughes should not have the right to establish his claim to $10,000 worth of the company's bonds.

Hughes' father, who died in 1892, was admitted to bankruptcy in 1871, with $40,000 in debts and $55 assets. A few weeks ago while repairing an old sofa Hughes found $10,000 worth of bonds tucked away in the lining.

Hughes was informed by officials of the Northampton company that on their books the bonds are in the name of J. C. Hammond. Hughes intends to push his claim.

A KENTUCKY EXPERIENCE

Coffee and Tea Still at Work.

A Ky. lady had a very agreeable experience, in leaving off coffee drinking which she found harmful, and taking on Postum. She never loses an opportunity to tell others of her good fortune. She says:

"For over 20 years I suffered from nervous trouble. Four years ago I was down with nervous prostration and heart trouble. After several months of misery, my doctor, one of the best in the country, told me I must quit coffee and tea.

"What was I to do? I must have some warm beverage for breakfast as I had never done without one in my life.

"I decided to try Postum, little thinking it would amount to anything. At first I did not like it, but when we boiled it 15 minutes, until it was dark and rich, it was delicious, and I soon began to feel better.

"After using Postum constantly three years I feel like a different person. I always had been a poor sleeper, but now sleep well and am in perfect health. And I give the credit to Postum.

"My entire family now use it in preference to any other beverage at meals. I am an enthusiastic friend of Postum and I know that what it has done for me it will do for others, so I never let a chance go by to recommend it to those who suffer from coffee drinking."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some one please tell me what to put in cider vinegar to make it clear? It is sour, but when you draw it out of the barrel it looks cloudy.—M., McCoysburg, Ind.

Will some one please tell me what sheep's sorrel is used for. How could I extract the juice?—B., Portland, Mich.

PLACE TO RAISE POULTRY

To the poultry raiser the west offers a splendid opportunity. Thousands drift out to the western states for the purpose of mining. Where one makes a success or becomes wealthy thousands fail. Every month thousands of dollars are sent out of the states for the purchase of eggs. While the miners will not raise poultry or eggs, they buy chickens and eggs freely and create a market that is being supplied from outside states. Because of the good prices obtainable for eggs, many people living in and adjacent to the larger towns in the state are gradually embarking in the poultry business.

In the vicinity of Helena there are half a dozen large plants engaged in the poultry business, and where the attention has been given to it that would be given to any other business it has paid. So greatly has the business increased in the state that there is now no necessity for the man who wants the best of the breeds to send east for them. Many counties have from a dozen to a score of breeders who can supply the best breeding stock. The industry is still in its infancy, and the field is open and inviting to persons with small capital and who know how to raise poultry and eggs.

MOLTING

By the yearly molt we may tell the condition and value of the average hen. If the feathers fall out profusely and leave her almost bare, it generally indicates that the bird is not of strong and vigorous constitution, while, on the contrary, slight defect from the molting period indicates a strong and healthy bird and one worth keeping over the winter season. Just at this time some points in regard to molting fowls had best be observed by the careful poultryman. A strong bird may be expected to pass through the molting period in a reasonable time and without undue weakness or suppression. But when the molting drags and the bird is markedly affected it is advisable not to carry it over during the winter for breeding purposes. It makes a great deal of difference whether the molting begins early or late in the season. The bird that begins to molt during August or September has a much better chance to survive the winter than the bird that begins in the late fall. It seems to be natural intention, in the majority of cases, to have a period of inactivity upon the nest as a preliminary to the process of molting.

Molting birds require special care and attention. Especially in feeding is this important. Above all things they should be plentifully fed and nourished. It is a great mistake, however, to feed too much of one type of food to the molting bird. This is an error quite common among poultrymen. Feathers, like the rest of the bird's anatomy, grow from a great many ingredients, and a percentage of all must be supplied in the proper food. Animal food, green food and grain food should be given.

When the molting goes on into the summer and is completed in September the hen will begin to lay just at this time of year, when eggs are high, and will be likely to keep on laying throughout the winter. But when the molting begins in the fall, say October or November, there is small chance of her coming into laying condition by the time spring arrives.

It is the early hatched chickens that may be expected to become the early molting hen, and so the poultryman seeks to get his chicks out early in the season, with an eye to future profits. And the fancier also is interested, as well as the commercial poultryman, in having the molt over before the winter shows are under way, for a bird always looks its best in its new suit of feathers just after the molt.

PEAR BLIGHT

Many farmers are deploring the presence of pear blight in their orchards. It is of bacterial origin and attacks the quince, apple and crab alike.

It is a germ that thrives in the sap of the tree and attacks the tissue, and it is most prevalent in seasons of excessive or rapid growth. The germs gain entrance to the sap of the tree through the nectar glands in the blossoms and on the bark. If the infection is through the flowers the young fruit soon turns black and shrivels, but usually hang on the trees. The disease spreads rapidly to the adjacent green twigs and leaves, which in turn become discolored and wither. The pear twigs and leaves turn black and the apple and crab twigs and leaves turn brown. The bark of the large limbs turns black and withers slightly. The disease spreads rapidly and in extreme cases it has been known to kill trees in a few days.

As this disease works in the plant and not on the surface, it cannot be checked or destroyed by spraying on any other similar treatment. The only thing that is left to do is to cut off the diseased wood and thus prevent the disease from spreading to all parts of the tree. In cutting off diseased branches the cut should be made several inches below the lowest point of infection. The diseased branches should be removed and burned.

This disease is much worse some seasons than others, and is also much worse on some varieties than others. The Keiffer pear is almost blight proof. The Bartlett pear is specially susceptible to the blight. This quality of disease resistance is not well understood and there has been little information gathered about it. There seems to be no record of the susceptibility of the different varieties of apple to this disease.

GOOD ROAD HORSES

Morgan and Hackney horses are said to make an excellent cross—a class that cannot be beaten as roadsters. A writer in a farm bulletin gives his experience as follows:

"Some years ago, being convinced from a study of the characteristics of the two families—Morgan and Hackney—that they should mingle well, and the opportunity falling in my way, I purchased a 12-year-old Hackney mare, a nice bay, standing 15½ hands, of grand bone and substance, great courage and fine action.

Her first foal, a filly, was sired by a 15 hand chestnut Morgan horse of remarkable development and still sound at 33 years old, a chestnut of much the same conformation as her dam, though on finer lines. She roads fourteen miles in an hour, under restraint, and thirty miles in three hours. How much longer she would keep up these gaits is a matter of conjecture.

"She is of a highly nervous temperament, with great courage and endurance, but remarkably gentle and intelligent.

"The next product of the Hackney mare—in 1902—is now a 15½ hand cherry bay stallion, with style and action, and will road ten miles an hour.

"In 1903 the mare produced another colt, now a 15 hand gelding, a high acting cob of remarkable endurance and courage. In 1904 the Morgan blaze, 16½ hands high at 3 years old, with beautiful style and action.

"The next year the Hackney mare produced another filly, now nearly 15 hands, and in 1906 yet another colt, and this remarkable mare has now passed on to the peaceful grazing grounds.

"All these colts wear coats of finest color and quality, and without exception carry their tails remarkably high. The sire of the last five is Flying Star, an intensely bred and typical Morgan, standing something better than 14½ hands and weighing 950 pounds.

RED TEXAS OATS

As the result of experiments made at the Kansas station, it has been found that there is a deterioration of Red Texas oats in the Sunflower state. A summary of a recent bulletin on that subject follows:

Red Texas oats tend to run out after two years growing in Kansas, giving way to black variety, the seed of which always appear in seed of the red sort imported from Texas. In the latter state, the black seeded plants are present, but do not supplant the red sort, as in Kansas.

The two varieties are distinct; the red sort is low and spreading, tending to stool and with narrower leaves than the black variety, which is upright, broad leaved, and stools but little.

In nursery plots the red oats average 8.6 culms per plant; the black 7 culms per plant. The red oats ripen a week earlier of the two.

In respect to head characters the red variety is superior in the nursery plots by 54 per cent, while the black sort is superior in average number of spikelets per head, average number of heads per plant, average weight of each spikelet, and average total weight of spikelet per plant.

In mixtures of seeds in proportions of 25, 50 and 75 per cent of red to black oats, planted under usual field conditions, the harvest gave a total average superiority to the black oats in number of bearing heads of 6 per cent and in weight of grains of 8 per cent. In each case the black oats increased in the mixture.

Pure lots of black and of red oats grown in 40 alternate rows and sown as is customary in the field, gave a harvest which, on the acre basis, would have yielded 1,740 pounds of straw and 19.4 bushels of grain for the red, and 3,000 pounds of straw and 47 bushels of grain for the black variety.

Close pollinated plants of each sort yielded seed which came true, indicating no sporting of one variety from the other.

We conclude, first, That, while the black oats are superior in yield under carefully controlled conditions, under average farm conditions its shattering tendency, the results of which its earlier ripening period would accentuate, would reduce its yields as the practical experience of farmers' reports below that of the red variety. Second, That the black oats are an admixture in imported seed, that it does not originate from the red variety, and that pure bred red oats free from the black seed can be grown.

BANTAMS ARE PROFITABLE

Raising bantams for broilers can be made profitable. They are always game and capable of protecting themselves. The hens will fight rats, cats, dogs, or hawks, often winning the battle. Many prefer the meat of the game bantam to that of the large fowl, as it is richer and has more fat. J. Adams Powell, of Stamford, Conn., gives his experience as follows:

"I have had three different colored Cochins, but find the best breed of bantam for all around purposes is the black breasted game. They are very intelligent, are splendid layers and make good broilers. One year I resolved that the five game bantam hens and one cock which I kept for pets ought to do more than supply me with eggs, so I determind to raise some squab chickens. All the five little hens stole their nests, but I discovered their whereabouts and allowed them to sit on the eggs until hatched. They had chosen various and odd places for their nests, one being under a currant bush, one beneath a burdock leaf, another high up on a shelf in the tool house, the fourth in a corner of the chicken house, and the fifth brought out her nine week babies from an old cracked dinner pot in a heap of rubbish. When I found the nest I carefully removed the eggs and placed leaves in each receptacle

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FOR MARY ANN

hade of Mrs. Beeton,
se whose prolific pen
s done so much to sweeten
he lives of Englishmen,
en let it now be thine to show'r
he tributary tear;
ep, weep with us—this very hour
ds short a cook's career.

charms of form or feature
ere hers; she did not seem
all the kind of creature
waken love's young dream;
ple of nice aesthetic taste,
emembering her, would sob
think there could be such a waist,
nose so like a knob.

t yet, though one could merely
sider Mary Ann
built on a severely
rnamental plan,
was possessed of points that must
ve pleased a butcher's whim,
Mr. Johnson found her just
e very girl for him.

with heartstrings all a-flutter
ith thrills of brimming bliss
deep for tongue to utter!
ll some one tell me this?
at are the female charms that make
butcher's bosom hum,
cause him to refuse to take
s wonted pabulum?

fter than any Jehu
ould he approach our door,
ght as the brightest sea hue
apron that he wore;
s the fan of zephyr's wings
s voice, as day by day
brought her chops and steaks and
things
nd smiled her heart away.

hade of Mrs. Beeton,
ament with one who feels
ost as if he'd eaten
s last of earthly meals;
robber Johnson claims his bride
his morn, and we're bereft;
other cook, however wide,
ill the gap she's left.

—Punch.

Live in a Doorless House

patch to New York Times.
nce August 1 Mrs. Mary Sherwood
her daughter have been living in a
se at 37 Hamilton avenue without
doors or window blinds upon it.
ording to all accounts the two wo-
n are going to remain in the house
il William Otten, the landlord, who
been making ineffectual efforts
dispossess the two lone women,
kes amends for a technical attack
Miss Edith Sherwood.
. Otten says that Mrs. Sherwood
ld him a month's rent. He started
ejectment proceedings on August 1.
Sherwood said she would move
efully if Mr. Otten would have the
discontinued. Mr. Otten gladly
plied, whereupon Mrs. Sherwood in-
med him she had changed her mind.
answered Mr. Otten, and in enter-
the house he pushed Miss Sherwood
, committing what the Sherwoods
tend was malicious mischief, cruel
inhuman treatment. Then Mr.
took all the doors off the house,
the blinds. He also locked the
in which the Sherwood refrig-
or is kept during the summer.
rs. Sherwood has employed a law-
and Mr. Otten's lawyer will try
et the Sherwoods out of the house
week. In the meantime the Sher-
ds are keeping possession of the
e, using blankets for doors.

ted Man Silent 30 Years

Uniontown Dispatch to N. Y. World.
r thirty years Benjamin Landis, who
s in a modest little home with his
her two miles outside of this town,
not conversed with friends or rela-
because, it is reported, he was
d by a girl whom he loved devoutly
a youth.
re than 30 years ago Ben Landis
ed Miss Fannie Gingerich, who was
the belle of the countryside and
married Harry Snavely. Landis, who
18 years old, tried to forget and
t west to seek the excitement of a
ng camp or life on a ranch. For
eral years he lived near Kansas City,
finally returned to his mother, near
town.
natives declare that he "became queer
s in the west," but neighbors and
ds say "it was the girl." It was at
time in his life that he took the vow
e again to speak to any one, and he
lived up to his resolution unflinchingly
38 years.
day the girl whom Landis wooed is
widow, her husband having been killed
a railroad sixteen years ago. She
s with her parents very near the Lan-
home, but "Ben" Landis never talks
her.

Glooning Among the Clouds

ert White Vorse, in Success Maga-
zine.
e has been my lot to see, in arctic
ions, some hundreds of thousands
bergs close at hand, and I have
ays believed them to be the most
utiful objects on earth; but the
ds of the sky, close at hand, are
ost as beautiful. If you mount
ve one of those majestic things,
ily overtopping one by one its
s and wreaths, and if remembering
high it is you look down and see
small green patches of earth
ugh holes in the cloud carpet be-
you have a little thrill of concep-
of how lonely a man would feel,
ng away down there, and not be-
able to see the spot where he must
at. It is a safe little thrill, how-
you know that you are not going
fall. Such dizziness as some persons
in standing near great heights on
earth is almost unknown in bal-
ning.

t 81 He Grows New Teeth.

adelphia North American.
third set of teeth and restored
ght were the recent acquisitions
Harry Eddleman, 81 years old, a
ed Roxborough farmer, now liv-
in Gladwyn, Montgomery county.
hree large molars have appeared
ugh the gums, and others are com-
according to Mr. Eddleman, who
yesterday that he "feels 'em
." He is on a visit to his son,
Folsom street.
he old man began reading a news-
er without glasses yesterday, when
son inquired why he didn't wear
"specs."
Thereupon the father
ed the younger Eddleman that
failing sight had been restored.
he also displayed his new set of
h. He belongs to a sturdy family,
grandmother having lived to be
years old.

FAMILIAR FIGURES IN NEW YORK'S HISTORY

HENRY HUDSON.

One of the names immortalized in a city which he never saw is that of Henry Hudson, who discovered the river that bears his name and found the island where the Dutch established their city of New Amsterdam, afterward New York. Though he never saw the city, his name is inseparably connected with it.

An Englishman sailing in the service of the Dutch East India company, he sought a northeast passage, and on his third voyage he discovered the mouth of the river that now bears his name and sailed far up its waters.

A later voyage led to his discovery of Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay. To New Yorkers the interest in his voyages centers in that voyage of his ship, the Half Moon, which in 1609 led through the Narrows to what was afterward the site of a great city.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE FLOWER

Having read The Scarlet Pimpernel, a certain engaging lady desires a few items about the floral namesake. Herewith:

As far as this country is concerned, this member of the primrose family (anagallis arvensis) flourishes from Newfoundland to Florida, and westward to Minnesota and Mexico, dwelling dr yand sandy place. Indeed, this annual is an enterprising little plant and has managed to distribute itself over the civilized globe.

It has many an alias. In some localities it is known as Burnet rose. Shepherd's clock, red chickweed and poor man's or shepherd's weather glass are yet other names of this flower, which blooms from May to August.

What is the flower like? It is about a fourth of an inch across, darker in the center, growing from the leaf avils, and in color it varies from scarlet to deep salmon, copper red and even flesh color. A number of its folk names refer to its habit of closing when the sun goes under a cloud, all more or less attesting to its sensitiveness as a barometer. Under bright skies this interesting little bloom opens out flat at about nine in the morning and begins to close at three in the afternoon. It's a canny little flower, quite independent of insect visitors when it comes to transferring its pollen. And it takes no chances by exposing its vitalizing dust to wind and rain; in closing it brings its pollen-laden stamens in contact with its stigma. For colonizing schemes of world-wide scope it may well be watched.

On the delicate four-sided stems of these plants, seldom over a foot in height, also grow oval leaves which are black-dotted beneath.

The Most Costly Necklace

Kansas City Journal.

The most costly necklace in the world belongs to the Countess Henckel, a lady well known in London and Paris society, the value of which is said to be $250,000. It is really composed of three necklaces, each of historic interest. One was the property of the ex-queen of Naples, sister of the late Austrian empress; the second, once the property of a Spanish grandee, while the third was formerly owned by the Empress Eugenie. Not long ago a necklace composed of 412 pearls, in eight rows, the property of the late Duchess of Montrose, was sold for $60,000. The Empress Frederick of Germany is said to have possessed a necklace of 35 pearls worth at least $200,000, while Lady Ilchester's necklace of black pearls is valued at about $125,000.

A Cowboy's Breakfast

Kansas City Journal.

T. B. Sweet, a Topeka capitalist, stopped at Abilene in the early days at the best hotel in the city. He asked for his breakfast. The waiters took no special notice of his appearance, or at least did not guess that his appetite was different from the average patron's. "Give me some eggs," said Mr. Sweet, and waited.

In a little while the waitress came back. In a bowl she had a full dozen eggs, all hard boiled.

Sweet gasped and ate what he could, protesting that she had brought him too many, and that he didn't just know how hard boiled eggs would strike him for his first meal of the day.

"Why, that's a regular cowboy's breakfast," responded the waitress.

Stole Heavy Steel Bridge

Chicago Examiner.

Pleading guilty to the theft of a steel bridge in Vermilion county, George Proctor gave himself up after remaining in hiding for several weeks. The structure was washed away by the floods of May, and the highway commissioners had recently commenced to replace the structure and make the necessary repairs when the whole outfit disappeared. It was later found in a junk yard, having been sold for old metal. The structure weighs several tons. It was hauled away in a wagon during the night by the thieves. Proctor confessed and told the name of his accomplice.

Beans as Big as Spoons.

Naugatuck Letter in Waterbury American.

Franklin Wedge, of South Main street, has grown lima beans of an unusually large size this season, and Saturday's picking was the best in the crop. There is no taking half a dozen of these beans in a mouthful of succotash, for one would fill an ordinary size teaspoon. The vines are well covered with pods and most of the beans are large, many not having reached their full growth. Some of the beans picked by Mr. Wedge on Saturday measured 1¼ inches in length and 1 1-16 in width and proportionately "fat." No special attention has been paid to this crop, and ordinary fertilizing matter was used. The only explanation for their unusual size is that they were planted in good soil at the right time and their culture has not been neglected.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

NAVIGATION CHARTS

I saw an article in The Blade a few weeks ago stating that the mariner's compass is no use in guiding ships across the ocean. Is that the truth? If it is, how are they guided, if it is cloudy or foggy?—S. G. G., Winfield, Kan.

We do not know to what story you refer, but it is a fact that the mariner's compass is inaccurate and is not relied upon for guiding vessels in these times. Charts are used instead. For purposes of navigation charts may embrace large areas, like one of the great oceans or seas, delineating the conformation of the shores and outlying dangers, and perhaps indicating the principal currents and winds that may be utilized in determining the most advantageous routes between specified localities. Charts may also embrace much smaller areas, but on larger scales, permitting greater fulness of detail, and thus presenting graphically the channels that can be followed, with the depths of water, the position of lights, beacons, spindles, buoys, and other objects provided to indicate the way to the stranger. Charts of these classes are usually designated "Navigation charts," although they may also be useful for other purposes.

HONEY-DEW

What causes the sweet secretion found on the leaves of trees in the summer season called honey-dew?—E. H., Newburg, W. Va.

Honey-dew is a sweet secretion of certain plants and insects. A saccharine liquid falls in drops, or forms a sticky film over the leaves of some trees in the hot season. Also certain minute insects, chiefly plant lice, leaf hoppers, and related bugs, yield a sweetish secretion, sometimes so copiously as to bedew a whole tree, and even fall in drops, giving the phenomena called weeping trees. The usual causes in this case is the presence of a tree-hopper. Large numbers of insects are attracted by the honey-dew in both cases. They feed upon it or upon the lesser insects which gather to the feast; these, in turn, attract larger animals, as birds, lizards, etc. Moreover dust sticks to it, closing the pores of the leaves to the injury of the tree, and, still worse, the honey-dew forms a highly favorable culture-ground for the spores of smuts and other pernicious fungi.

GOVERNMENT WHITEWASH

Will you give a recipe for government whitewash? Also tell how to color it.—J. A. C., Hayesville, N. C.

Slack ½ bushel of unslacked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; 3 pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste; ½ pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue, dissolved in warm water; mix these well together and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used, put it on as hot as possible, with painters' or whitewash brushes. Coloring may be put in and made of any shade. Spanish brown stirred in will make red pink, more or less deep, according to the quantity. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown will make a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash, but chrome goes farther and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. The darkness of the shades is determined by the quantity of the coloring used. Green must not be mixed with lime.

THE SOUNDER BALLOON

In reply to the question of U. B. V., Payson, Utah, in The Weekly Blade of August 27, 1908, I would say that a sounder balloon is a balloon used for learning the condition of the upper air, the same as a sounding lead is used to investigate the depths of the ocean. One style consists of two balloons fastened together, one above the other, the upper one inflated to a greater degree of tensity than the lower. The lower balloon carries self-registering instruments to record the condition of the atmosphere as to temperature, etc. When the balloons reach a sufficient height the expansion of the gas bursts the upper balloon and the lower one settles back to earth, suspended by a rope 150 feet long, the lower balloon carries a weight. When that weight reaches the earth the balloon remains in the air at a height which allows it to be found without trouble and preserves the instruments from damage. The weight is so made that if it comes down in water it will float and allow the balloon to remain in the air.—C. W. R., Garrison, Missouri.

MARY STUART

Will you please give a brief sketch of Mary, queen of Scots?—E. S. M., Twiggs, W. Va.

Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, was born December 8, 1542, and died February 8, 1587. She was the only child of James V., of Scotland, and was proclaimed queen on his death, December 14, 1542. She married the Dauphin of France in 1558, he dying two years later, soon after his coronation. She returned to Scotland, where, in 1565, she married Lord Darnley, her cousin. She hoped by this marriage to get into favor with the English Catholics, with whom her husband had great influence. Darnley, however, became the tool of a Protestant plot against Rizzio, an Italian favorite of the queen. Rizzio was killed in 1566. She was temporarily reconciled to Lord Darnley after the birth of her son, but in 1567 Darnley's house was blown up and he was killed. The murder was laid to Earl Bothwell, whom the queen married three months later. This act turned all the nobles against her; she was forced to surrender to her enemies and abdicate in July 1567. Mary escaped from her imprisonment in Loch Leven castle in May, 1568. Being unsuccessful in her attempt to raise an army, she crossed over into England, entrusting herself to Elizabeth; and was almost immediately imprisoned. Elizabeth regarded Mary as her rival for the English crown. Elizabeth wished to put Mary out of the way, but through her fear of France and Spain, waited until 1587, when she was beheaded at Fotheringay.

VIOLIN MAKERS

Will you kindly give the names of the noted masters of violin making in olden times? Also give the characteristics of the models of some of them?—D. D. G., Phillipps, Me.

The earliest maker whose instruments are well authenticated is Gaspard di Silo, who worked between about 1560 and 1612. Giovanni Paolo Maggini worked from about 1590 to 1640. The work of Andrea Amati shows the influence of Gaspard di Salo. He made a straight open f hole. The arch of the belly and back of the instrument was much raised, probably expecting thereby to gain in tone as well as strength in make; but on the contrary lost in power. Andrea's sons produced instruments that were a great improvement upon their father's. Their violins were highly varnished. The greatest of all violin makers was Joseph Guarneri del Gesu. He was born in 1644 and became a pupil of Nicholas Amati. He carried out the principles of Nicholas Amati to perfection. He narrowed the waist of his violins and reduced the swell of the arching to the lowest possible point, carrying it gently to the very edge of the instrument. He increased the vibrating surface and adopted the best proportion of thickness in the wood. There was a remarkable firmness and equality of tone on all the strings and in all the positions. His workmanship was absolute perfection, his varnish soft, rich, brilliant and generally of a dark amber color, but sometimes red or reddish brown. Other violin makers and the dates in which each worked are: Giofreda Cappa, 1590-1640; Jacob Stainer, Lorenzo Guadagnini, 1695-1735; Johannes Baptista Guaragnini, 1710-1750, and many others too numerous to name.

ALASKA WHEAT A FRAUD

Please give the full address through your paper of the man who has the 70,000 bushels of the new kind of wheat for sale, providing he does not care to have his name published. We want to correspond with him, and know of no other way of getting his address except through your paper.—J. A. M., Frampton, Pa.

The above is one of many similar inquiries coming to this department of The Blade in regard to the so-called Alaska wheat. We understand that Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture at Washington has denounced the Alaska wheat story, but we have not seen the results of his investigation. However, the Ohio Agricultural Experiment station is out with a bulletin on the subject, which we print, as follows:

As the result of an extremely clever newspaper and magazine exploitation there is being foisted upon the public at a price which should be prohibitive, viz., $20.00 per bushel, a variety of wheat known as Alaska, "the great cereal marvel of the world." This wheat was discovered or originated—the accounts differ—by one Abraham Adams, said to be an Idaho farmer. It seems to be either a winter or spring wheat as may be desired.

In the spring of 1906 seven pounds were seeded by Mr. Adams. From this seeding he harvested 1,545 pounds, or "222½ (?) the amount planted."

Then "Abraham Adams began to dream," and it seems that he must have dreamed that this would justify the positive assertion that Alaska wheat "has yielded * * 222½ bushels to the acre in large tracts," for no other evidence is offered for the latter statement in circulars the Adams-Hobe company are sending out.

(It may not be out of place to say that it is not uncommon to get yields of 300 and 400 fold in thin-row planting of wheat.)

This crop of 1,545 pounds (25¾ bushels) was seeded in the fall of 1906 and produced 53,000 pounds (883 1-3 bushels.) In answer to an inquiry addressed to Mr. Adams by the Ohio Experiment station he writes that "we sowed about a bushel to the acre." The yield would then be ...3 bushels per acre.

It is a serious drop of course from 222 to 34.3 bushels per acre. And the sad part is that the "two and one-half billion dollars" which an enthusiastic periodical saw added to the wealth of the American farmer annually, may not materialize.

The fraudulent character of the claims made and the methods pursued are very apparent. The Alaska wheat is probably worthless even in the locality from which it is being sent out, for recently the Colorado station has warned farmers "to avoid it as they would the pestilence."

THE OLD GUARD

Please tell what you can about the Old Guard.—J. M. S., Worthington, Pa.

The Old Guard was the popular name applied to a body of French troops in the army of Napoleon I. The guard consisted of five regiments; was distinguished for bravery, and at the battle of Waterloo made the final charge of the French army. Very few of the members survived this terrible charge.

FIREPROOF WOOD IN SHIPS

What ships of the United States navy use fireproof wood in their construction, and how is the wood made fireproof?—A. J. C., Riverside, Ark.

Fireproof wood is employed exclusively in the following ships of the United States navy: The Wilmington, Annapolis, Marietta, Helena, Nashville, Wheeling, Newport and Vicksburg. The wood is made fireproof by a simple process. All the sap and moisture is withdrawn from the lumber in a vacuum. The pores are then filled with phosphate of ammonia. The mineralized wood cannot be set on fire. A flame from a blowpipe will only char it, and chips of it thrown in the fire will not ignite.

THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN

Will you please tell me where the Isthmus of Darien is?—I. J. M., West Camp, N. C.

The Isthmus of Darien is a neck of land uniting South and Central America; more specially, the lower portion which is narrowed between the Gulfs of Urabo and San Miguel, while its prolongation on the northwest, between the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Panama, is called the Isthmus of Panama. Its principal rivers are the Tuira (also called Darien), which rises in the heights of the Aspaves, receives the waters of a number of tributaries and flows in the Gulf of San Miguel, and the Atrato, which comes out of the department of Cauca and empties into the Gulf of Uraba. The climate of the Isthmus of Darien is hot, damp and rainy; the atmosphere is malarious. The woods of Darien constitute a source of wealth. Gold is also found in the rivers and mines.

DELFTWARE

Will you please tell how delftware is made?—G. W. S., Strasburg, Va.

Delftware is a kind of pottery originally manufactured in Delft, Holland, about the 14th century. It is covered with an enamel or white glazing which gives it the appearance of porcelain. The glaze of the delftware is made as follows: Kelp and Woolwich sand are calcined together to form a vitreous mass called frit. Lead and tin are calcined to form a very powder, strained. The frit is powdered and mixed with the oxide, zaffre being added to confer blue color, arsenic for dead white. This is fused, making an opaque enamel, ground and mixed to the consistency of cream. Delftware is made of a calcareous clay of varying color, strained and evaporated to a plastic consistency; it is then tempered and stored in cellars to ripen. Prolonged storage increases its tenacity and plasticity. It is then kneaded without sand, formed on the wheel, dried and partially burned, reaching the biscuit condition. The bibulous ware is then glazed, dried, packed in saggers, which are piled in the kiln and baked.

POCAHONTAS.

What is a short sketch of Pocahontas?—G. S. M., Hornsby, Ill.

Pocahontas, the legendary "Princess Pocahontas," was born about 1595, was the daughter of an Indian chief of Virginia. She was betrayed by her uncle, Patowomak, to Capt. Argall, the unscrupulous deputy governor of Virginia, and held by him as a hostage for the purpose of extorting from her father such terms as he required. In pursuance of this plan, John Rolfe, a married Englishman, married her, and Sir Thomas Dale, the governor, took her to England. She created a sensation of curiosity in London and at court, and died at Gravesend in 1616, aged 21.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. W., Fairfield, Ia.: You must be mistaken about seeing in The Blade the advertisement to which you refer. We fail to find it by looking through the files of the paper. In any event we could not give you the information you want.

C. M., Agnes, Fla.: See your druggist for something to keep off mosquitoes.

E. D., Tiny, Va.: A hangnail is skin partially torn from its attachment near the root of the finger nail.

G. W. H., Fairmount City, Pa.: The government of Australia provides for a minimum wage scale in all occupations. Their is no such scale in our country.

C. B., Hope, Mich.: Children born in the United States are citizens thereof even if their parents are foreigners.

S. B., Breckenridge, Mich.: For answer to your question ask a lawyer.

G. H. W., Hot Springs, Ark.: We cannot give an account of the Oberlin rescue case.

J. G. S., Spokane, Wash.: We have no means of finding whether McKinley and Bryan carried their own precincts in the years 1896 and 1900, and our own recollection isn't reliable.

P. L. Y., Newton, N. C.: Mrs. Elizabeth Ayres is a versatile employe of The Blade, edits the household page and does other writing. Her home is in Toledo.

J. T. R., Morgantown, Ky.: The Bureau is unable to answer your question. Haven't the necessary records.

If I Can Live

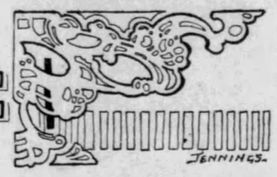
If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;
And 'twill be well,
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, she did her best for one of Thine.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE OLD BOOKCASE



BY ELIZABETH AYRES

Down home, in the house which has been home so long as one can remember, there is an old piece of furniture whose existence extends to the far reaches of the memory mentioned, and even beyond, into the long ago.

The piece of furniture is a writing desk and bookcase combined. It stands with uncompromising dignity against the wall. It is tall and straight-lined, without curve or carving to soften its angles. Next to the floor there is a roomy compartment, fronted with two doors of solid wood. Above is a drawer which extends across the width of the bookcase. This was always difficult to open, and required gentle treatment and persuasion before it would reveal its contents. If rougher means were employed, prompted by the impatience a drawer that sticks always arouses, then it could never be stirred, and remained firmly planted on its slides, in mute protest against the folly of using force when persuasion would have been much better.

To give it the look of antiquity, according to modern ideas, this recalcitrant drawer has been punished by having two glass knobs inflicted upon it, and now, whether or no, it must succumb to force whenever anything it contains is wanted.

Above the drawer is a narrow, folding, felt-lined leaf, which when extended, serves as the writing desk part of the bookcase. Above this are two small drawers, matching in length and position the one beneath.

The top piece is the library part. It is a tier of shelves, protected by two glass doors, through which one may read the titles of books current many years ago. There are schoolbooks, some of them dating back through three generations of the family. There are books of information, whose contents are now far behind the times. There are a few novels, and among these are The Hills of the Shatemuc, Bertha and Lily, The Prince of the House of David, and other books of fiction which are seldom heard of now, but are still good reading. By the side of today's "best sellers" the faded covers and time-yellowed pages have a "moustie," past-and-gone look, but the stories they contain, though reflecting the extreme sentimentality of their time, are far sweeter and cleaner than the disorderly fiction of present popularity.

A New England Primer is on the shelves, with its quaint and primitive lessons, and its crude wood cut of John Rogers calmly burning at the stake while exhorting his weeping wife and several children. This tragic picture has made a deep impression on many a youthful mind. Now, the little primer, no longer valued as a book of instruction, is sought by bibliophiles, especially if it bears the date of its publishing and the name of its publisher.

The schoolbooks are bibelots of memory, inscribed in the uncertain writing of childhood with the fancies and the mischief of the children who used them. In nearly every one is the warning:

"Touch not this book for fear of shame,
For here you see the owner's name."

The owner's name is always written in large, round letters, and, if he was a skilled penman who wrote with flourishes, he left the signs of his genius by means of scrolls and curly lines that are most impressive.

In one of the small drawers is a collection of photographs, saved by the dear mother when the one to whom they belonged would let them be scattered and destroyed.

The pictured faces are those of the ones who recall the memories of school days ended and young ladyhood just begun. They were care-free, butterfly days, when nothing mattered only so one had "a good time." The home town was a gay place then, and there were many dancing parties where much of the music was the dreamy, swaying waltz, whose fascination was heightened by the rich voices of the musicians singing the melodies they played.

After the passing of years, the sight of the photographs brings back all this and more. According to the conventional idea, one should grow sentimental or sad over the pictures of old friends and acquaintances, some of whom have gone to the land beyond the stars. Putting aside the pictures of the vanished ones, and with them the thoughts they awaken, one finds much that is amusing in going through the photographs, especially those with which are connected incidents that are unforgotten. There are several of one who was the beauty of the town. Like most beauties she had her picture taken frequently, but in spite of this, she had little vanity; having her picture taken was simply a habit. She was a sweet-tempered, fun-loving girl, generously proportioned. Her beauty was of the dark, richly-colored type, to which one involuntarily applied the word "gorgeous." She was always on good terms with the world, and had but one grievance; this was her dislike for having people call her "good-hearted." Her life was that of a popular society girl, until she married and went to live in Canada. Since then she has become a well-upholstered matron, to whom life still seems to be a joyful occasion.

Another photograph is that of a young woman whose taste was for amateur theatricals. There are many pictures of her, too, in the collection. One of the most striking is that of a "love-sick maiden" in the opera of Patience. She was a tall, lithe blonde, and graced the clinging draperies of her cheese cloth, hand-painted costume. The opera, as it was presented by local talent, made a great sensation in the home town, though there was one of the chorus who, wishing to be heard above all others, strained her voice so hard she invariably went wrong on her top notes, but in an amateur performance all is forgiven.

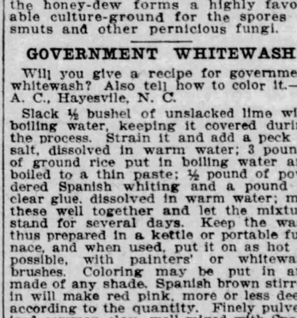
The night "they" gave Patience was one long held in memory and frequently talked of as a remarkable entertainment.

Well, of course, there are young gentlemen in the portrait gallery. Very young gentlemen they were, to whom the pleasures of life were of far more importance than its serious aspects. One who faces the world, full front, has a round, boyish countenance which wears rather a severe expression. Probably it was owing to the fact that he was wearing his best clothes. His "Prince Albert" coat is conspicuous, but still more conspicuous is the tall silk hat which, held with both hands, rests on his overcoat, thrown carelessly over one arm. That was a fine silk hat he had, and evidently it was a prized possession. At all events it is the first thing one sees when looking at the picture.

A photograph taken in Berlin, Germany, recalls a friend who was a violinist and had dreams of a brilliant career. The violin is with him in the picture, but alas! for his dreams; they never came true. His was the artistic temperament of a rather gloomy turn. In his talk he spoke as one whose life was wrecked, and he hinted darkly of some "perfidious woman." For one so young, this was sad, very, very sad. There were times, however, when he cheered up considerably, and brought from his violin gay little tripping tunes which he played better than the tragic songs. He wrote playful letters occasionally, in quaint, foreign phraseology, and illustrated them with pen and ink pictures, portraying comical situations. When last seen and heard from, he was rather corpulent in figure, and had taken up farming as a profession.

And so it goes through the long list of pictures; a list of friends that are gone, of one-time friends that are forgotten, of friends one knows not where they are, and friends who are still friends through the years that have elapsed since they were one of life's little circles.

The small drawer in the old bookcase guards them safely. They are seldom disturbed, and when the one to whom they belong is gone, their destiny will probably be destruction. After her, there is none who will care to take them into keeping.



"SHALL I?"

"A YOUNG HERCULES."

Monster Fish Towed Him.

Port Jervis Dispatch to New York World.

While fishing in Lake Henry, Wayne county, Pa., one week ago, John Ruddy, of Scranton, set his pole in the boat to take lunch. When he turned around his pole was disappearing beneath the surface. He hauled up his anchor and gave chase to the pole, but as the fish had reached deep water, the pole was soon drawn out of sight. Ruddy tried the lake again yesterday and saw his pole floating on the water. He tried to pull it up, but thought the line was caught. Then something at the other end of the line towed him around the lake for half an hour. Finally he tired the fish out, hauled it alongside the boat and lifted it in. It was a catfish weighing 18¼ pounds. The fish was 32 inches long and measured 6 inches between the eyes.

Hauls Mule on Downy Bed.

Indianapolis News.

A mule colt, owned by Joseph Griner, a horse trader of Columbus, Ind., has received more than its share of the comforts of life. Griner bought the mule colt at Greensburg, and no sooner had he placed it in an inclosure than it made a dash for liberty. Running against a hitch wire it broke his right foreleg. A veterinary was called and placed the broken leg in a plaster cast. Then Griner obtained several large feather pillows and placed them in a wagon bed. On these pillows the colt was laid and the trip of 30 miles from Greensburg to Columbus was made. The colt reclined on downy beds of ease all the way, although it had to be held down at times. Once here the young mule was turned into pasture. It is thought it will recover.

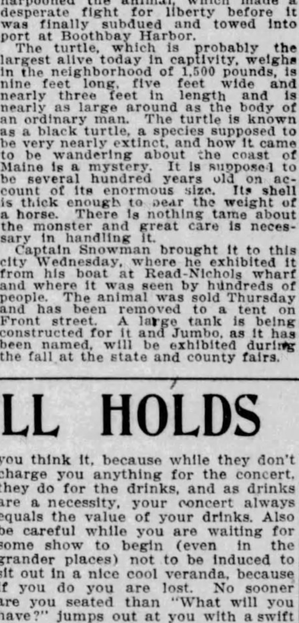
The Great Monhegan Turtle

Bath Anvil.

One of the largest sea turtles ever captured has been on exhibition in this city this week. The turtle was captured by Capt. John Snowman, of Southport, while fishing off Great Ledge in the vicinity of Monhegan Island. The captain and his assistant harpooned the animal, which made a desperate fight for liberty before it was finally subdued and towed into port at Boothbay Harbor.

The turtle, which is probably the largest alive today in captivity, weighs in the neighborhood of 1,500 pounds, is nine feet long, five feet wide and nearly three feet in length and is nearly as large around as the body of an ordinary man. The turtle is known as a black turtle, a species supposed to be very nearly extinct, and how it came to be wandering about the coast of Maine is a mystery. It is supposed to be several hundred years old and is covered with large enormous size. Its shell is thick enough to bear the weight of a horse. There is nothing tame about the monster and great care is necessary in handling it.

Captain Snowman brought it to this city Wednesday, where he exhibited it from his boat at Read-Nichols wharf and where it was seen by hundreds of people. The animal was sold Thursday and has been removed to a tent on Front street. A large tank is being constructed for it and Jumbo, as it has been named, will be exhibited during the fall at the state and county fairs.



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NO ORATOR

Booker T. Washington, at a dinner in Cleveland during the National Educational association's convention, was complimented by a clergyman on his eloquence.

Mr. Washington in reply told a story of a southern minister who could not have been very eloquent.

"One Sunday morning," he said, "in the midst of this minister's sermon, a head poked itself through the door of the vestry and a low and tremulous voice said:

"'Parson, the church is on fire.'

"'Very well, Brother Spriggins,' the minister answered, 'I will retire. Perhaps you'd better wake up the congregation.'"

Record Coal Shipment

Pittsburg Dispatch to New York Times.

An inventory of coal in the Monongahela River awaiting high water to send it out into the South today shows that the greatest amount of coal ever collected in one place is now on hand.

There are nearly 15,000,000 bushels stored in 663 different coal boats and barges, the largest number of loaded craft ever known. It is valued at about $1,500,000, as it lies, and half the boats are already hitched together ready to go out on the first sign of water. There has been no rise since last April, and rush orders from New Orleans will be filled this coming week by a train.

It is computed that the coal now in 28,825 cars, which would make a solid train of 473 miles in length, or one that would reach from Pittsburgh to beyond New York if started East, or beyond Chicago if started west.

OLD TIME "CONEY" STILL HOLDS PATRONAGE

Coney Island, New York, is busy today and every day, but Saturday and Sunday are the busiest. Without its crowd Coney is ghastly. Its principal street shows a long perspective of light colored, dinky looking amusement palaces, interspersed here and there with the garden variety of practical dwelling now turned into a restaurant or saloon and trying hard to fit into its impossible surroundings. The road seems wide and dusty, and innumerable stray yellow bags and pieces of paper litter its ways. Under such conditions Coney is a glaring place. But with its crowd it rounds out and becomes complete. The soft dresses and moving people seem to soften its harsher outlines, and give to it something of life, and those light colored palaces suddenly seem to be desirable—if taken in moderation.

There is one person there, however, whose duty it is to see that Coney's amusements are taken in anything but moderation—and he is the "barker." He stands outside each palace of amusement and as loudly as he can draws attention to the maddening delights within. No shrinking violet is he. His show is always the greatest on the island, his photographs always the best. The "barker," however, is not what he used to be. He has fallen upon decadent days. Nowadays he is often dressed like a comfortable sporting man and his picturesqueness of diction is largely gone. No more do we hear of the most marvelous and wonderful feats which the mind of man can conjure up, all for the ridiculously small cost of a nickel, half a dime. He has fallen upon respectable days; his statements, while outright, can largely be credited. The large amusement parks have spelt his doom. A few suggestions of his past yet linger—a certain rhythmic intonation or chant has never left him, but as you hear his easily credible assertions you feel a pang. The world is moving. The glory of the "barker" is gone.

In fact, Coney, as a whole, has grown respectable, and the high colored ing of the barker is no longer needed. The Dreamlands and Luna Parks and Steeplechase Parks are really places which, in their way, justify themselves, and the Coney standard is coming up to them. The independent side shows containing the freaks and the glass eater and all their tribe is for Coney almost a thing of yesterday. Along the principal avenue of Coney Island and toward the end of it are placards bearing the statements that inside is to be seen the str

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 202,000

Mr. Bryan feels confident. It is a habit he acquired as early as 1896.

An aeronaut can make any number of flights without being regarded as flighty.

The sultan may soon begin to feel that there is no place on earth for an old Turk.

Before he is through flying, Orville Wright may break as many records as the Lusitania.

David B. Hill is enjoying such poor health that he can't take part in the Bryan campaign.

Mrs. Hetty Green says women are to blame for hard times. Aunt Hetty often talks like a man.

When it comes to a matter of creating a precarious situation the Iowa Republicans hold the record.

Late reports go to show that the bolt of lightning that hit Mr. Bryan's windmill is mighty sorry.

We have a few able-bodied liars in Allentown.—Allentown Call. Well, where is there a town that hasn't?

It is said that Bryan will take Taft's trail during the campaign. But in Taft's case it is not a trail; it is a wide swath.

Even if Mr. Bryan were worth a million he might not care to have Uncle Joe Cannon give it away to the assessor.

We suspect the man who calls on the average farmer with an uplift movement will have to look out for the dog.

The fine dry wave that is sweeping over parts of Ohio doesn't look like picnic weather to the brewers and liquor interests.

Mr. Taft is a big man, but judging by the calls from the west, there won't be enough of him to supply the demand.

It has been said a sucker is born every minute, but sometimes you can't notice it until he is about old enough to get married.

Mr. Rockefeller was safe in discovering that he is of noble lineage. His noble ancestors are all dead and not in need of money.

Judge Parker, it seems, will never forgive President Roosevelt for giving him one of the worst drubbings mortal candidate ever received.

Mr. Taft will not remain at home and sit in his easy chair during the campaign. He has too much sympathy for the easy chair.

Judge Parker announces that he doesn't want to run for office again. It is a fine thing for a man to realize when he has had enough.

What has become of that new hookless waist that fastens itself up the back when a chain is pulled? We'd like to see how it works.

The charge that Mr. Taft used to write poetry may be true, but fair-minded persons will want to see some of the poetry before condemning the man.

The man who has started a new religion which reduces the Ten Commandments to seven certainly knows a little something about human nature.

Somebody declares that 3,000 letters a day do not reach the parties addressed. However, very few containing bills fail to reach their victims.

The New Jersey man who is refusing to pay his bills because his wife is out of work must be one of those fellows who imagine the world owes them a living.

Mr. Bryan is becoming quite an imitator. His weight is now recorded at 227 pounds. But he is still 70 1-2 pounds lighter than the original heavyweight candidate.

A good woman, like a good man, cannot be kept down. There's that young Rhode Island woman who climbed to the summit of Mount Huascaran, a height of 23,000 feet.

Candidate Higsen was kissed by twenty women on the occasion of his formal notification, but otherwise his race for the presidency has seemed dull and uninteresting.

A Pennsylvania man has had a dog's spinal column grafted on his body. Now the question is, will he want to shake hands or wag his spinal column when he meets an old friend?

The former sultan of Morocco will be permitted to keep his harem. Whether this is kind-heartedness on the part of the new sultan or because of the increased cost of living the world may never know.

The President wants congress to increase the standing army to 100,000. There is certainly standing room in the country for a larger army, just as there is water enough to accommodate a larger navy.

A pretty story comes from Des Moines. A man of that town buys his mother-in-law five pounds of candy every week. Yet there will be those who will suspect that he is actuated by an ulterior motive.

NERVOUS EUROPE.

Fishermen and hunters who have penetrated into the backwoods of Maine tell of a strange ailment which afflicts the poorly nourished French Canadians dwelling on the lonely frontier. The malady is called "the jumps." A patient at the slightest sound, sometimes without any cause whatever, will leap into the air and yell.

Some such nervous disorder has seized upon the three great powers of Europe, Germany, France and Great Britain. They hop and squeal at the least sound. The thunder throws them into fits of tremors, since their imaginations catch its resemblance to the boom of cannon. If some strong power with a weakness for practical joking were to stand by and shout "boo" they would probably fall to fighting frenziedly with one another and inquire the reason for it only when it came time to count the dead.

The kaiser has called for the unconditional recognition of the new sultan of Morocco, Mulai Hafid, who drove his brother from the throne and is still pursuing the remnants of the loyal troops. The German emperor could not have created much more disturbance in the foreign offices if he had thrown a giant firecracker among the clerks. Everybody jumped. And yet the action of Wilhelm was no more than a shrewd play to avoid having to recoginze the predominating influence of France. He gained another end also, one nearer to his heart. He aroused the patriotism of his country and brought to a sudden end the agitation for a limitation of armament. In France, the kaiser's strategy was of benefit, since it brought the hundred and one political factions rushing to the support of the government.

Then a French officer was marched away from the fields where the German army maneuvers were being carried on. Europe jumped again. Following which was a story that Emperor Wilhelm was going to cross the border so as to view the scenery from a mountain in France. "Unparalleled impudence," yelped the neurasthenics of Paris and London.

The London Times, a staid and motherly newspaper, complains of the espionage of German spies, asking why officers from across the North Sea should disguise themselves as waiters and hairdressers and "swagger about our eastern counties like stage heroes." The National Review demands to know "why British hotels should provide employment for so many members of the German intelligence department." Continues this magazine, "Just as our German friends were anticipating the glorious moment when they would be able to invade this country by air as well as by sea, Count Zeppelin's airship was destroyed by a thunderstorm. We breathe more freely. Meantime a national movement has been set on foot in Germany, the point of which is, needless to say, directed against England."

Surely acute cases of the "jumps."

RAWHIDE.

The town of Rawhide, which burned the other day, was one of the strange mushroom growths of the mining country. The first house up was only about fifteen minutes ahead of about fifteen others. The place grew by leaps, 1,000 the first month, 5,000 the next.

Rawhide is also one of the richest camps in Nevada. It is built upon a storehouse of gold, how deep and valuable no one is able so far to guess. When the ground was cleared for the first bank pay dirt was struck. A vein ran through the tent of a saloonkeeper. He compelled his customers to stop picking at the earth because it made his floor all lumpy. And these are the tales they bring out of Rawhide, exactly like those of Virginia City and Thunder Mountain and the Klondike. And maybe a year from now the camp will have "petered out" and there will not be anything but a few holes in the ground, bottles and sardine cans by which to locate it.

THE HARMON LIQUOR DODGE.

Judson Harmon's statement of his position on the liquor question is neither particularly illuminating as to the campaign's issues nor particularly creditable to himself. As a matter of cold fact it is less creditable than illuminating. It places the Democratic gubernatorial candidate in the undignified attitude of the justly celebrated gentleman who didn't dare to let go of the bull's tail.

When the Democratic state convention which nominated Mr. Harmon ignored the saloon issue in its platform it went squarely on record as the champion of the liquor interests. It received the immediate, open and avowed support of these interests. The "Liberty leagues" of the state rushed to the aid of the ticket with blare of trumpet and beat of drum. A great campaign fund was pledged. Open boasts were made that every one of the four largest cities of the state were lost to General Harris on the day the Democratic platform was adopted. Mr. Harmon was received by the brewers and distillers as a special pleader. There was no shadow of an effort made to disguise those facts.

But that was weeks ago. In the flight of time the Democratic leaders have heard the voice of the people. They have touched the public pulse and, though the metaphor be mixed, they have found it loaded. They have reached the astonishing conclusion that the will of the people is a bigger thing in Ohio than any campaign fund that was ever gathered together. And, in the picturesque diction of the streets, they have decided to back up.

With a suspicious similarity of thought and action and a simultaneous publication doubly suspicious, Mr. Harmon and the "Liberty league" have issued statements to the press, the former declaring that the liquor issue is no issue so far as he is concerned, the latter asserting that it is taking no political action in the present campaign. The dignity and convincing strength of Mr. Harmon's declaration is only equaled by the impressive veracity of the "Liberty league's" announcement. And the effect of each and both on the rising tide of Harris sentiment was forecast some centuries ago when modest King Canute ordered the waves to recede and got his royal feet wet.

Mr. Harmon may issue statements until his typewriters are worn-out junk, and the Liberty league may increase the postoffice receipts by as many diameters as it chooses, but the temperance issue will remain to the end of the campaign exactly as it was at the beginning. General Andrew L. Harris, magnificent American that he is, will stand the sturdy champion of decency and good citizenship. And Judson Harmon, Democratic nominee, will remain the chosen leader of the liquor interests of Ohio.

CONQUERING CONSUMPTION.

Consumption to be eradicated in fifteen years! This is the prediction of Dr. Lawrence B. Flick, in charge of the Henry Phipps Institute for poor consumptives.

It is not so long since tuberculosis was listed among those terrifying diseases pronounced incurable. Once a person became infected his cure was considered hopeless, though the patient was not likely to feel that way himself. The consumptive is the most hopeful of the afflicted. It has been slow progress in the labor of discovering a remedy. The physicians are not yet agreed whether the disease is spread by the air, or by food, but they are one in the belief that, except in the extreme development of consumption, it can be conquered. This is a great achievement.

Dr. Flick bases his forecast upon the diminution in the death rate from tuberculosis in Philadelphia. In 1906 the number was 3,900; in 1907 it was 3,600. If the decrease can be maintained the cases of mortality among consumptives will become a rarity within a quarter century. Dr. Flick says that if the simple methods of preventing contamination were followed the spread of the disease would cease immediately. The medical profession would then have to concern itself only with those patients now suffering and worry no longer about the prevention of consumption. The work for the combatants is almost entirel educative. To teach people how to ward off the germs is more difficult than saving the life of one in whom the bacilli have obtained a firm hold. It is proposed that popular lectures be given in order to put the knowledge of preventive means within the reach of everyone. The press is to be asked to give its aid and possibly the state legislatures will be called upon to appropriate money for the spreading of warnings.

The number of deaths in the United States in the census year of 1900 was 1,039,094. Out of this total, consumption claimed 111,059, its nearest rival as an instrument of death being pneumonia with nearly 6,000 fewer mortalities to its credit. If the doctors can not merely reduce this fearful showing, but eliminate it entirely, you obtain a conception of the tremendous good for humanity which they will have performed.

GERMAN POPULATION.

A remarkable showing in the growth of population is made by the last year book of Germany. In seventy years the states which make up the federated power have doubled in the number of their inhabitants. This has taken place in spite of a large emigration to the new world and without other accretions except that from births within the empire.

The census figures on the first of the year were 63,017,000, a gain of 2,400,000 in the course of only two years. The principal increase has come largely in the last twenty years, the population now being 30 per cent greater than it was on Dec. 1, 1890.

Germany presents a formidable contrast to her southern neighbor and hereditary rival. The population of France is hardly in excess of 40,000,000, the enumeration of 1906 giving it 39,252,245. When Napoleon was first consul in 1801 the census returned 26,930,756 inhabitants.

The reason for the small increase in the population of France has been threshed over many hundreds of times. The French government realizes that it has a great problem on its hands to maintain a natural birth rate. At the same time Germany has no worry of the sort and every reason to congratulate itself.

It would be interesting to know what part the great stimulus to national greatness in thought and industrial enterprise of the last quarter century has played in swelling the population. Possibly there is a law of nature of which we have only an inkling that brings births and prosperous times into relationship. Doubtless there are heavy browed philosophers in Germany now trying to solve the conundrum.

BUSBY'S WAR COMET.

The Blade is more or less disturbed over the following communication from an old friend and prophet of Independence, Iowa:

Independence, Ia., Sept. 7, 1908.
Editor Toledo Blade:

I have discovered a new comet. This comet can be seen with the naked eye next summer, in June, 1909. This wanderer of the starry heavens will bring heat, war and pestilence. It will be as large as the comet of 1860, which came for war, and the great war between the North and South commenced. This celestial stranger will be on the sky all of next summer. Let us watch and see.

John C. Busby,
Weather Prophet and Astronomer.

To begin with, The Blade doesn't like pessimism. Contemplating the hole in the doughnut is not a fascinating pastime. But when Busby, the goosebone of the boundless west, declares something dreadful is going to happen it is time to sit up and harken to his warning. Heretofore Busby's predictions have come as gentle radiations from a prophetic mind, as placid as a sunkissed Maumee wave, with no harsh notes of dire calamity. In the past he has studied the stars and calculated the thickness of the cornhusks; he has watched the squirrels and taken cognizance of their storage of nuts for the winter; he has gazed at the flight of geese, and let us know when spring, often flippantly referred to as Gentle Annie, would come again to turn our hearts to poetry. Thus, in days gone by, Busby, the optimist, has soothed and comforted his tens of thousands. Is there wonder, then, that it is disquieting to find a tuneful old friend uttering a harsh note?

To find Busby sitting on the back fence watching the approach of a calamitous comet, bringing with it heat, war and pestilence, upsets mental equilibrium. It is a problem to determine the right thing to do under the circumstances. Were it a simple case of the prophet's pipe going out we could say to him: "Here, Busby, have a match," and the pestilential comet might turn tail—if it were that kind of a comet—and skiddoo down the celestial back alley. But at this distance it is not possible to judge the condition of the prophet's pipe, and there is nothing to do but wonder and dread.

A well behaved comet is all right in its place. Man is taught to expect such things among the heavenly phenomena. But war is different, as General Sherman defined it, and his definition will stand. The only thing to do is to plead with Busby to look again, long and hard. It is important that he give us something more cheerful. The world wants peace.

THE SANGUINE MACK.

Mr. Norman Mack, national chairman of the Democratic party, doesn't intend to betray any signs of hopelessness. He is carrying around the very best quality of optimism which the size of the contributions to the campaign fund will warrant him in purchasing. Every interviewer finds him more cheerful than he was the day before. If he continues to wreathe himself in smiles of a constantly increasing diameter there will have to be some anatomical readjustments very shortly.

Mr. Mack received some reports from the Pacific coast the other day which sent him into the seventh heaven of elation. They were so stimulating that he immediately decided upon a trip to the Coast and sent word to Mr. Bryan that he would be expected to clinch things with a series of rear-platform speeches. The vice presidential nominee is booked to deliver a number of his illuminating addresses out there, and Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, is going to give a few jump-and-holler talks. The Hon. Mr. Mack dearly loves a roseate rumor, but he believes in works as well as faith and so starts out to bring the good news into his corral for keeps.

Suppose we turn to the statistics and see how Mr. Bryan used to stand in the voting booths of the fartherest west. In 1896, he carried the state of Washington. He lost Oregon. He obtained one electoral vote in nine in California. Four years later the returns showed that McKinley had carried the states of Washington, Oregon and California. Mr. Bryan, it will appear, fell some distance in the estimation of the Pacific coast between the periods of free silver and anti-imperialism.

There is nothing to indicate a change in sentiment in the last Bryan race. The Pacific coast has undergone no shattering convulsions in political opinion. Landslides have been infrequent and the earthquake, though it scarred the fair face of nature into streaks and seams, failed to play hob with a predominating preference for Republican principles.

It is a joy to see Mr. Mack looking happy. He is a pleasant gentleman, but one with some years of experience in the ups and downs of the world. His intimate friends feel confident he will be smiling on November the Fourth, though inwardly wishing he had been able to elect Mr. Bryan president.

THE CORN CROP.

The yield of corn this year will probably be somewhat larger than that of last year. The drought following the month or two of heavy rains in the corn belt cut deeply into the promised harvest, the reduction in the prospective yield in the month of August being 122,000,000 bushels.

Illinois, which produces more corn than any other state, was the greatest sufferer, the depreciation being 7.2 points. In Indiana the falling off was 6.6 points, and in Kansas 6.2. Ohio, where climatic conditions were fairly close to being perfect for grain raising, showed only a slight loss in the conditions. Missouri, Texas, Oklahoma and Iowa also reported a small dropping off in prospects in the month of August. Nebraska is said to have actually made gains.

The corn crop of 1907 was 2,592,320,000 bushels with an acreage of 98,099,000. The area under this grain this year is estimated at 100,996,000 acres. The conditions on the first of September were 79.8 as compared with 80.6 on the same date in 1907. Considering all these figures the yield will be more than three billion bushels. The frosts are still to be reckoned with before the final figures are written.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

If anyone had been dreading during the heated spell that football would degenerate to the mildness of a prize fight, he can relieve his soul of worry. The first game has been played. It was no contest for molly-coddles like iron-workers or longshoremen to get mixed in. It was football of the fine old slaughter-house flavor, the kind that makes enthusiastic sportsmen stamp a grand stand into debris, that makes a youngster wish he were two so he can screech the louder.

The game was played near Latrobe, Pa., on Wednesday. This is the inspiring record:

A right arm broken.
A left ear almost torn away.
Three teeth knocked out.
Face contused.
Several bones in left hand broken.

A proud, an inspiriting beginning. Football this season promises to hold its average in butcheries, cripplings, compound fractures and general and refined carnage.

TUNING UP.

It was characteristic of William H. Taft to rebel against the inaction to which his political advisers had condemned him. He has always been in the thick of his work. He has never found means to content himself with idleness when others were in the midst of strife, in which he himself was interested. To spend a summer with golf and fishing, broken only with a few front-porch addresses, was more than he could stand.

"I can't conceive of anything more depressing," he said, "than to be denied participation in an active campaign, or to be kept quietly in one place, depending wholly upon necessarily fragmentary reports as to what is going on and as to what conditions are."

We doubt if Mr. Taft could have done anything more pleasing to the country at large, though he will cause a lot of wiseacre politicians to purse up their lips and to quote traditions. The nation is anxious to meet Mr. Taft at first hand. It wants to get a measure of the man by other means than the tape-lines of the cartoonists. He has traveled immense distances in recent years, but mostly on the through trains and along the east and west roads. Now he is about to journey into the country districts of New York, to invade Bryan's home state, to meet the farm people of Kansas, Iowa and Missouri and to see how he stacks up with Indiana, which Mr. Kern is trying to deliver to his superior.

The change in Mr. Taft's plans has caused Mr. Bryan to alter his own. He is eager to seize the excuse. The delegations to Fairview have been neither so many nor so large that his throat has had a chance to grow hoarse. He, too, enjoys being in the middle of the fight. He had made a sort of pledge to the city of Lincoln that he would remain at home and give his fellow-townsmen the benefit of the strangers. But this is all off. He purposes making an eastern tour, having heard that New York is more friendly than of old and that New England is more inclined to consider him seriously than it used to be.

The campaign must be said to have improved itself. It takes on more semblance of life and ginger. In six weeks a lot can be done and said, and, perhaps, before the eve of November 3 there will be much irritation in the air and neighbors will feel as angry toward one another as in other presidential years. Such sentiments are not altogether unworthy if they make voters realize their civic responsibilities.

GRAFT AND GEOGRAPHY.

The Panama Canal company of France declared its final dividend the other day. This was the greatest scandal with which the name of business was ever involved. Orphans and widows were robbed, a hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies were bribed, a cabinet was forced to resign and a strongly entrenched government was overthrown.

A few weeks ago a number of municipal officers in England were sent to prison for accepting commissions on contracts. It required the expenditure of $50,000 to secure the convictions.

In Copenhagen on Tuesday a former minister of justice, a man who stood by his king's right hand, surrendered to the police, admitting that he had looted a savings bank of money to the amount of $2,500,000 for purposes of speculating in stocks.

These three instances are not cited as an excuse for grafting in this country. But when you read, as you do often, the severe criticisms of America on the part of Europe it is a slight comfort to know that it is a case of beholding the mote in the brother's eye without seeing the beam in one's own.

A SOCIALIST HOPE.

According to an address made by William D. Haywood in Cleveland on Monday the Socialists have a fair chance of electing Debs president.

This is startling news. It will surprise the most enthusiastic of the Socialists as well as those at the other pole of political view. It is doubtful if Mr. Debs, himself, has ever entertained any such hope, dreamer that he is and idealist in his conception of the human heart. But Mr. Haywood is an extremist. He beholds things either at their darkest or at their brightest. There is nothing so wicked, in his eye, nothing so necessary to crush and sunder, as capital, nothing so abused and so worthy as a subscriber to the Age of Reason. If he had the direction of Fate we suspect that employers would perish a few minutes after the pitiful fragments of the law machinery of Idaho had been thrown on the scrap heap. That is the Haywood outlook.

So it was natural that he should believe the farmers of the southwest are crowding one another to register themselves as Socialists. It was like him to put two and two together and make twenty-three—for vested rights. His habit of mind is to see red. So he thinks that everything is rosy for his friend, Eugene V. Debs.

Before every election since 1904 the prediction has been made that the Socialists would show gains. Debs polled 402,283 in that year. It has been the expectation that he would do far better in the present campaign. But the basis for such a supposition cannot be any of the elections in the last four years. Instead of larger returns there has been an actual falling off in the sections where the Socialists were thought to be entrenching themselves. They have not been strong enough to get control of any state, any congressional district, of any municipality whatever so far as we can learn. The prospects for a million votes this year, in spite of dull times and the effort to enroll the unemployed, are slim. It would not be surprising to learn that there is a decrease in the number of avowed Socialists.

The Haywood guess ought to be pleasing to Mr. Debs. But he will probably shake his head and smile when he hears of it. He is a year or two too old to be termed a spring chicken.

FOREST FIRES.

Forest fires are not periodic visitations, as it has been argued by many sensible persons this year who have brought out statistical almanacs to prove their contention. Forest fires are dependant upon two things; one is the weather and the other is the white man's carelessness.

When the Indians roamed about at will they always saw that every spark was out before they moved their camps. They guarded the woods against the chance blaze as a city man now guards his investments. But the white man, whether in his own timber, or that of the government, gives little thought to the dangers of fire. He does not compel railroads to take steps to prevent sparks from locomotives falling in dry grass. He lets the logs of his camp smoulder away though knowing that a breeze might scatter the embers. He strikes matches and throws the lighted ends away without a glance as to where they drop. When a long dry spell has taken the moisture from leaves and bark, when the grass is shriveled to whisps of tinder, then the white man's carelessness becomes a threat to property and life. It is a menace to every noble tree which has taken a century or two in growing, to the farmer whose fields border the forests, to the towns built in the woods and dependent upon them for their living.

The forest fires will cease when the rains come. But behind them they have left monuments to the criminal carelessness of men who cannot be taught anything, who will not try to learn. The Indians had much the advantage of them in intelligence.

THE REDDEST OF TAPE.

The strongest of armies have their red tape. The government machinery of defense has never been developed so near to perfection that this practice of making much of little things is eliminated. Though Germany has revolutionized rifles, the manual of arms and the rules of warfare bureaucracy loves minutiae over there quite as much as in the slower moving war department of the United States. Here is a German sample:

One Ensign Flugge claimed compensation for damage to kit caused by a mouse having gnawed a hole in his best tunic. The officer who had to decide the point dismissed the claim, and ordered the ensign to be severely punished, on the ground that, contrary to orders, he had hung his best tunic on a nail, when going on guard at night in an inferior garment, instead of packing it in his knapsack, thus enabling a mouse to gnaw a hole in it, "without having to overcome the slightest impediment." Ensign Flugge appealed and, on further hearing, it appeared that the officer who first dealt with the case was mistaken in the facts, the tunic having been stowed in a knapsack at the time when the mouse defaced it, and not hung upon a nail. The first decision was therefore set aside by higher authority, and Ensign Flugge was ordered to be severely punished for having stowed his tunic in his knapsack, instead of hanging it on a nail, thereby giving opportunity to the mouse to gnaw a hole in it, "under cover of the darkness."

It is some consolation to learn that the famous red tape of the American army hasn't reached the summit of foolishness. It is still a degree or two removed from the nonsensical officalism abroad.

HEARST ON A SCALP HUNT.

Samuel Gompers will not deliver the labor vote to Bryan, or any part of it, if William Randolph Hearst can help it. He has gone prowling into the dim and distant pre-free silver career of the Democratic candidate and has made a discovery or two. He dusted his finds off the other day and presented them to Labor with his compliments.

It seems that when Mr. Bryan was a very young congressman indeed he investigated the requests of some American glassworkers, the tariff question then making its tortuous way through the House. James Campbell and Charles Bryant, as members of a delegation of glassworkers, asked that the duty on glass manufactures be retained else it would reduce their wages to a level of those paid in Belgium. Mr. Bryan, not yet having come to the conclusion that he was the apostle of the rights of the downtrodden, was somewhat querulous over the matter, asking the visitors why they should be better paid or work fewer hours than men in Belgium and why they were not willing to compete with Belgium workmen. He is said to have closed the discussion by pronouncing American workmen a lot of "public beggars." And Mr. Campbell and Mr. Bryant so deposeth and the notary public so attesteth their say and signature.

The gentleman of Nebraska is now engaged in addressing as many workingmen as he can reach upon the iniquities of the opposition. The Hearst charges were set loose on Labor Day, but, so far as the news dispatches have indicated, Mr. Bryan has made no answer.

In his youth many a man does things and says things which come back to haunt his pillow in other years. This appears to be the dilemma in which Mr. Bryan is placed. He has been converted, he has altered his opinion, he has recanted, he has burned out the false doctrines with the white hot iron, doubtless he would say if he were cornered. But it is reasonable for Labor to expect a reply before he is compelled to make one by the reiterated demand for an explanation. His campaign is one of accusation. When his policy is seized by an opponent, once his friend and aide and adviser, he ought not to shut up like a clam. He is trying to force defense. Let him show everyone how gracefully and eloquently the thing can be done.

THE SAGE FORTUNE.

Russell Sage, once ridiculed as a miser, is very like to be remembered through the centuries to come as a great and a good man. His estate, recently appraised, amounted to a little over $64,000,000. With the exception of $650,000 all of it was left to the widow to do with as she saw fit.

Mrs. Sage has surrendered the ease that might be hers in her declining years to the distribution of the huge Sage accumulations. It is nearly all going to the cause of charity. She has disposed of $15,000,000, since Mr. Sage's death, in philanthropic directions. Her bounty has been placed with fine judgment. She has demonstrated that she posesses as great shrewdness as her husband, a marvelous patience under the flood of demands upon her kindliness and a conscientious consideration of details. Mrs. Sage has asked for no advertisement of the family name, or for any exploitation which would give her widespread publicity. As much of her charity is being given secretly as that calling for dedications and oratory.

It is a great task to give away more than sixty millions wisely, however easy it would seem to those lacking the power to give anything. There are more calls for money than there are actually worthy cases of need. Anyone with a reputation for philanthropy is literally stormed with begging letters. Agents of charity schemes, some practical, most of them visionary, are forever asking for interviews. Mrs. Sage's last years will prove her most wearisome.

As the profits of the great money lender are passing, the sneering at the memory of Russell Sage is ceasing. Another generation will probably merely term him an eccentric.

The Fisher's Boy

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole enjoyment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides—
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore;
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no fears to view;
Along the shore my heart is on its pulse,
As I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

—Thoreau.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

It was a particularly hot summer in the city and the Russell avenue district was a particularly hot district, says Youth's Companion. For the most part it was a region of lodging houses, and in windows and doors appeared, in one form or another, the familiar sign, "Rooms to Let."

Mr. Morgan, whose dwelling was at the farther end of this region, dropped into his chair one stifling late afternoon, and mopping his forehead, said to his wife, "Well, I've made her mad, now."

"Who's mad?" asked his spouse. "Please explain yourself."

"I don't know her name," answered Mr. Morgan. "It's the woman—the lady—who keeps a boarding house on the corner of the avenue and Hammond street. I have to go by there four times a day, you know, and I just couldn't stand it any longer, so I rang the bell. She came. I told her what I wanted in as few words as I knew how and then got out."

"Well, you haven't given me the slightest idea of what it's all about," said his wife.

"That's so. I guess I haven't," he admitted. "It is so hot. Why, that sign in her window; I've seen it so often. It's so hot."

Again he paused.

"I'm waiting," stated his wife, patiently.

"Oh!" He roused himself. "Yes. It's so hot, and I guess I made her pretty mad. Why, the sign read 'Sunny Rooms. Steam Heat and Continuous Hot Water!'"

He mopped his perspiring forehead again.

"My, but she was mad when I asked her to change it. Guess I shall have to go to the office another way after this."

At a convivial party in England recently, a gentleman who had just returned from a lengthened tour in the east was relating some of the wonderful things he had seen on his travels.

The yarns he spun were decidedly "steep," but the guests politely accepted his statements as true.

Encouraged by the reception accorded to his tales of stories, he ventured to state that he had seen at the foot of the Himalayas a tiger 40 feet long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. This was too much, and everybody kept silence, until a gentleman from Oban dryly remarked:

"Oh, yes, the works o' nature are very wonderful and very large whatever. Just last week I saw a skate brought ashore at Oban which covered a quarter of an acre of ground!"

Nobody spoke, and amid the silence the eastern traveller left the room. The host, perceiving that something was amiss, arose and followed him.

"Is there anything wrong?" he asked.

"I have been insulted," said the traveller. "That Scotch gentleman has dealt a blow at my veracity and I cannot return until he apologizes."

Anxious that harmony should prevail among his guests, the host returned to the room and, explaining matters to the company, asked the Highlander to make an apology, if merely for form's sake.

"Weel," said he, "I'll no' just apologize; but tell him to come back and take a few feet off the teegur, and we'll see what can be done wi' the skate."

A bishop was staying with a friend in country house. On Sunday morning as he passed the library, he found a small boy curled up in a big chair, deeply interested in a book.

"Are you going to curch, Tom?" he asked.

"No, sir," re repled.

"Why, I am," said the bishop.

"Huh," said the boy, "you've got to go. It's your job."

A correspondent sends the following to a remote rural organ of the people, says Current Literature.

"Our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. William B. Puckleton, has had several new 'No Trespassing' signs erected on his place. We have had the pleasure of perusing the one facing the Hedgeville pike. It reads:

'NOTIS.'

"'Trepasers will be persekuted to the full exten of 2 mean mungrel dogs wich ain't never ben overly soshibul with strangers an 1 dubbel barl shotgun wich ain't loaded with sofy pillers an if I ain't tired of this heirlaisn on my property. Yours respeckful

"'BILL PUCKLETON.'"

An ingenious and amusing answer was recently given by a student in the natural philosophy class at Princeton University. An instructor gave the question, "Define transparent, translucent and opaque." "I cannot, professor," answered the student, "precisely define those terms, but I can indicate their meaning in this way: The windows of this room were once transparent, they are now translucent, and if not cleaned very soon they will be opaque."

"I have just read a story of an economical farmer that Mr. Rockefeller, jr., had been telling to his Sunday school class," said Higgins. "He says there is a farmer out near Cleveland who makes a fad of economy. Every time he drives into town he carries a hen with him tied to the seat of his buggy. A friend who rode out with him one day was curious to learn the use of that hen, so he watched carefully and found out. When at noon the farmer lunched under a tree he gave his mare a feed from a nose bag and the hen, placed on the ground, ate all that the horse spilled from the bag, so that there was no waste at all."

"Good story," said Wiggins, "and true, too. I know that old farmer. Mr. Rockefeller didn't say where he got his lunch, did he?"

"No," said Higgins. "The story stops there."

"It was the egg the hen laid under the buggy seat on the way out," said Wiggins.

Mayor Speer, of Denver, was talking the other day about political tricksters.

"They gave themselves away," he said. "Don't tricksters always give themselves away? It reminds me of the two men who wanted to sell their corpses for dissection.

"These two men, miserably clad, called on the dean of a medical college in New York.

"'We are both on the verge of starvation, sir,' the spokesman said. 'We are well on in years, and it is clear that we haven't much longer to live. Would you care to purchase our bodies for your dissecting room?

"The dean hesitated.

"'It is an odd proposition,' he muttered.

"'But it is occasionally done,' said the spokesman in an eager voice.

"'Well,' said the dean, 'we might arrange it. What price do you ask?'

"'Over in Philadelphia,' said the spokesman, 'they gave us $40.'"

A southern congressman tells of a darky in a Georgia town whose best quality is his devotion to his aged parent.

Once the congressman asked Pete why he had never married.

"Why, boss," explained Pete, "Ise got an ole mudder. I had t' do for her, suh. Ef I doan' buy her shoes an' stockin's she doan' git none. Now, boss, you see ef I was t' git married I'd have 't buy 'em fo' mah wife, an' dat'd be takin' de shoes an' stockin's right outer my ole mudder's mouf."

VARIETIES

The largest orchard in the world is in California.

The average yearly milk yield of each cow is 400 gallons.

Good beet root yields an average of 12 per cent of sugar.

Asparagus had its origin in Europe and temperate western Asia.

A statue of Liebig is to be erected at Darmstadt, where he was born in 1803.

In some oriental countries, vaccination has been practiced for over a thousand years.

British India has $6,912 miles of telegraph and cable wires, which is worked at a very good profit.

The taxable valuation of Guthrie, capital of Oklahoma, is $3,500,000, against $1,500,000 last year.

Cabbage, like all vegetables which have been cultivated from remote times, is believed to be of European origin.

There are nearly fifty clocks on the giant ocean liner Lusitania, controlled by a master clock in the chart house.

The inscriptions on an old coin which has been worn smooth may be often deciphered by placing it on a red-hot iron.

Army of Glasgow unemployed waited for food before city council and plead right to work, giving authorities week in which to act.

Dr. C. H. Brooks, once noted cancer specialist, commits suicide in New York because he is unable to get work and provide for his family.

An air-gun of large size, working on the principle of the pneumatic hammer, has been devised for killing animals in a humane manner.

Authorities in Des Moines, Iowa, seek to move to abolish the "red light" district, but will offer unfortunate women chance to earn a living honestly.

An Englishman has invented a bicycle for the blind. In reality it is a multicycle, carrying twelve riders led by a seeing person, who does the steering.

According to the delegates to the national opticians' convention in Philadelphia women's eyes are weaker than men's and more of the fair sex wear glasses.

Miss Summers, of Cincinnati, speaks at playgrounds conference, assails coarse and vulgar children's books and demands substitution of works with genuine wit and moral teaching.

Tinfoil, which is used extensively for wrapping tobacco, certain food products and other articles of commerce, is a combination of lead with a thin coating of tin on each side.

The Molteno (Cape Colony) farmers have hit upon a novel plan for dealing with locusts. A farmer has imported some eagle kites for the purpose of destroying locusts from the crops.

Two French army dogs have drawn a light ambulances, the invention of a Lieutenant, with a load of 160 pounds each for some 375 miles, without a breakdown, showing how they can be used in war.

Sault Ste. Marie canal traffic for the season of 1907 reached a grand total of 58,217,214 tons, which shows a net increase of 12 per cent, or 6,466,134 tons, as compared with that of the season of 1906.

Miss Ross Becker has been appointed claim agent and United States pension attorney for Missouri. She has been known for years as one of the most successful women in St. Louis, being a notary public and an insurance agent.

It has been frequently noted by aeronauts that the barking of a dog is always the last sound they hear from earth, and that it has been discovered that this can be heard under favorable circumstances at an elevation of four miles.

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall is now in Mexico as field director of the Reid-Crocker expedition which is excavating the Pyramid of the Sun and Moon. The work is being carried on with funds furnished by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Crocker, of San Francisco.

A company has been organized by New Orleans business man to engage in the sponge fishery off the coast of Yucatan, near the islands of Mujeres and Cozumel. The necessary concessions have already been secured and appliances and diving crews are on the way.

An acre is 6,272,640 square inches. An inch of water on an acre is therefore 272,640 cubic inches. That amount, of cubic inches to the gallon equals 6,230 gallons, or 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. An inch of rain is, in other words, raining at the rate of 100 tons to the acre.

The area of Maryland is 12,210 square miles, 2,350 square miles of which is water. There are seven states in the Union which have a smaller area, and every New England state except Maine and New Jersey and Delaware. The total area of none of these states equals the land area of Maryland.

Miss Ruby Abrams, who was recently graduated at the head of the art class at Cooper Institute, is deaf, and until a few years ago was also dumb. She has been an art student ever since she was graduated at the head of her class six years ago at the Institute for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf Mutes. She made the record of having won four prizes during her art course.

For the first decade of the twentieth century one of Canada's greatest accomplishments will be the completion of the Dominion's second transcontinental railway. The Grand Trunk has finished the prairie section from Winnipeg to Edmonton. From Edmonton to the coast is 800 miles, through the mountains, three more will be needed. The work is exceedingly difficult and expensive.

A Florida judge ruled that mullet are not fish, but birds, because they have gizzards. The customs officials in New York ruled that frogs were fish and must pay duty as such. A game warden in Illinois gained popularity by declaring quail were game and so acquired jurisdiction. And now comes the decision from the custom-house that bagpipes are music and can not be classed as musical instruments for purposes of taxation.

The more important places in Ireland are taking steps to encourage the establishment of factories by foreigners. They are compelled under the new patents act to manufacture the patented article in the United Kingdom. Some of the municipalities are prepared to offer flattering inducements to concerns willing to locate in Ireland. Labor is plentiful and comparatively cheap here, and other facilities for manufacturing are as good as elsewhere in the king

BREAKS FLIGHT RECORD

Ohioan's Aeroplane Remains in the Air 57 Minutes and 31 Seconds.

Washington, Sept. 9.—A new world record in aeroplane flights was established at Fort Myer, Virginia, early today, when Orville Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, circled above the broad parade grounds there fifty-eight times, and remained in the air 57 minutes and 31 seconds, official time. His smashing of all previous records carried out his promises of yesterday evening after his two remarkable ascensions, when, at the maximum height of 60 feet, going ten and three-quarters miles in all, and averaging 36 miles an hour, he spent eleven minutes in one flight and eight minutes in the other.

Today's achievement was accomplished under ideal weather conditions and in the presence of about twenty-five spectators aside from the soldiers. The ascension was made at 8:15 o'clock this morning. It was an easy ride in the air, the machine was under perfect control and the navigator traveled at a speed approximating 36 to 38 miles an hour.

Mr. Wright expressed himself as highly pleased at what had been accomplished by his machine, and declared that had he known that he was so close to being in the air an hour he would have remained that much longer. He said he came down because his motor slipped once or twice, and that he thought he had only been in the air for half an hour.

To some of those who had been closely watching the performance of the machine, the new record did not come as a complete surprise. Orville Wright has all along expressed complete confidence in his ability to break all records, and in his previous flights has pointed out that the practically perfect working of his machine augured the success which he purposed to achieve.

He did not even rest content with his performance this morning, for immediately after alighting he sent for more gasoline and prepared for further flights.

WOULD "SHOOT UP" TOWN

Eleven Negroes Held on Charge of Insurrection.

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 14.—Eleven negroes arrested at Ninety-six, S. C., are in jail at Greenwood today on the charge of insurrection growing out of race friction.

An intercepted letter revealed the fact that a band of negroes had been planning secretly at Ninety-six to "shoot up" the town on Saturday night, September 6, but that floods which caused the annulment of all freight trains had delayed the delivery of rifles to the negroes.

Sheriff McGillan asserts that the evidence against the negroes is conclusive. There has been much friction between the races since the general election race riot near Ninety-six ten years ago, when many negroes were killed.

FIRE LOSS IS $2,000,000

Big Plant of Cement Company Burns to Ground.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 12.—The plant of the Cosmosdale Cement company, at Cosmosdale, 17 miles southwest of Louisville, burned last night with a loss estimated at $2,000,000. The fire was discovered at 10 near the coal bins in the furnace room and quickly spread to the other buildings of the immense plant. By the time a special train loaded with fire-fighting apparatus had arrived from Louisville the flames were beyond control.

The plant was owned by Philadelphia capitalists and was about to undertake a large order of cement for the Panama canal.

WILSON TO PROTECT U. S.

Replies to Criticism by Veterinary Association Members.

Washington, Sept. 10.—"The doctors can criticise me all they please, but I will protect the United States government in the class of men that come into this department," declared Secretary of Agriculture Wilson with great emphasis when his attention was called to criticisms by members of the American Veterinary Medical association in the 44th annual convention at Philadelphia in regard to the secretary's attitude toward veterinary schools.

The criticism of Secretary Wilson related to his action in rating the various schools with reference to the eligibility for service with the government, suggesting certain courses and how they should be arranged following a report made to him by a committee of the association, it being asserted at the convention that Secretary Wilson was without authority to dictate what the courses or the management of the schools should be.

FRESH REVOLT IN CONGO

Natives Surround Whites and Many Fall in Battle.

Brussels, Sept. 14.—Passengers who arrived at Antwerp yesterday by steamer from the Congo report serious troubles in the French Congo, where natives revolted and in one section surrounded many whites. A relief force was sent to the aid of the whites and several engagements were fought, many being killed.

BIG RAIN STORMS COMING

Washington, Sept. 14.—The weather bureau yesterday afternoon issued a special forecast as follows:

"The first well defined disturbance of the present season is approaching the North Pacific coast, and a West Indian storm is advancing toward our southeastern coast. This combination should produce abundant rains in the drought stricken districts of the north central and east central states before the close of this week."

TO PASS ARMY CORPS TEST

Two Ohioans to Be Commissioned in Medical Reserve

Washington, Sept. 12.—The surgeon general's office of the war department has made public the names of twenty candidates who have passed the preliminary examination for the army medical corps. They will be commissioned in the medical reserve corps and ordered to the army medical school for the coming session. On qualifying they will be commissioned as first lieutenants. Among them are: Charles Edward Doerr, Ohio; Norman Lincoln McDiamond, Ohio, and James Arthur Wilson, Michigan.

TAFT IS THE REAL HEIR

President, in a Strong Letter, Declares Ohioan Is the Man to Succeed Him.

Oyster Bay, Sept. 14.—William H. Taft has received one of the most remarkable tributes ever paid to any man by a President. In a letter which he made public yesterday, President Roosevelt commended Mr. Taft to the people of the country as the man best fitted to carry on his work to its logical development. He depicted him as worthy of the support of every class, as one who in all the years of their intimate association had been in closest sympathy with his own policies, and as the man who combines all the essential qualities for the office for which he is a candidate to a degree which no other figure in public life since the days of the civil war has surpassed.

Denies Claim of Bryan.

Although no reference was made to Mr. Bryan, Mr. Roosevelt's letter is in effect a pointed denial of one of the chief claims of the Nebraskan to support. The letter was called forth by Mr. Bryan's statement that he is the President's heir and natural successor. The President seeks to show that it is not Mr. Bryan, but Mr. Taft, who is best qualified by experience and temperament to carry on the reforms he himself has begun.

The President's letter was written to Conrad Kohrs, a cattleman of Helena, Mont.

In the letter he declares that there can be but one rightful heir to his policies, and, stating unequivocally that Mr. Taft is that heir, he asserts:

That it is urgently necessary for the reforms he has started to be completed.

That the policies urged by the President are Mr. Taft's policies and that he will continue them.

That Mr. Taft had stood for and encouraged all of the essential policies of the administration.

That he will face the displeasure of the labor element or the loftiest and most powerful corporation with equal nerve if that displeasure is expressed against his cherished ideals.

Sufficient Platform.

That his labor injunctions are a sufficient platform for his success.

That regulation of railroads by federal dictum is essential.

That watered stock must be prevented.

"The malefactor of great wealth," in the vigorous English that is employed in transmitting his apotheosis, toga gives way, it is true, to "the dishonest man of great wealth," but the spirit of the message that shook Wall street pervades the letter.

The striking feature of the composition and the one in which he, while of sound mind and disposing memory, bequeaths his all to his chosen successor, is as follows:

"I have naturally a peculiar interest in the success of Mr. Taft, and in seeing him backed by a majority in both houses of congress which will heartily support his policies. Although we have for years while I have been governor of New York and President I have been thrown into the closest intimacy with him, and he and I have on every essential point stood in heartiest agreement, shoulder to shoulder.

Have Same Views.

"We have the same views as to what is demanded by the national interest and honor, both with in our own borders and as regards the relations of this nation with other nations. There is no fight for decency and fair dealing which I have waged in which I have not had his heartiest and most effective sympathy and support, and the policies for which I stand are his policies as much as mine."

That the letter will produce a sensation in the financial district goes without saying. While it has been to some extent discounted by reason of its advance copies having been read, they have been read only by friendly eyes.

BRYAN WANTS TAFT TO TALK

Worth More Than Roosevelt's Eulogy, Says Nebraskan.

Baltimore, Sept. 14.—"A few plain, simple sentences from Mr. Taft will be worth more than the eulogy that the President pronounces. The President's endorsement is of no value unless the President will agree to stay in Washington and see that Mr. Taft makes good."

In these words William J. Bryan summed up his opinion of the letter of President Roosevelt commendatory of Mr. Taft, soon after the Democratic candidate arrived in this city. "It was expected, of course," said Mr. Bryan, "that President Roosevelt would support Mr. Taft. He could hardly do less in view of the fact that he selected him as the administration candidate and supported him with all the influence that the administration could bring to bear. President Roosevelt's letter, however, may be objected to as irrelevent, immaterial and not the best evidence.

"If Mr. Taft had a reform record of his own he would not need to be endorsed by the President, and the President's endorsement is of no value unless the President will agree to stay in Washington and see that Mr. Taft makes good. We ought to have some definite statement as to what the public is to expect from Mr. Taft."

TAFT FIFTY-ONE TUESDAY

Republican Candidate Already Gets Congratulations.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 14.—Judge William H. Taft will be 51 years old tomorrow, and already congratulations are being received on that event. The well wishes are coming both by letter and postal card. The candidate was born in Cincinnati, September 15, 1857.

Representative Grant E. Mouser, of Marion, representing the Thirteenth congressional district, came to town today bringing with him a number of his constituents whom he introduced to the candidate.

Two speaking assignments have been arranged for tomorrow, when Judge Taft will address a delegation from Greenfield, Ind., and in the evening the clergymen of the African Methodist church in Allen Temple.

VON BUELOW DENIES LARGE NAVY IS MENACE TO WORLD

Germany's Attitude Is Defensive, and England Has No Reason for Fearing an Invasion, Says Chancellor.

London, Sept. 14.—German Chancellor Prince von Buelow today gave out an interview at Noderney in which he discussed Great Britain's reported apprehension over German naval aggression. The chancellor said it would be more natural and excusable if the Germans were apprehensive of being attacked, pointing out that Great Britain has not been invaded since the time of William the Conqueror. Continuing, Prince Von Buelow said:

"I can assure you that nobody of any sense or influence in Germany dreams of picking a quarrel with England; much less is there any such insane idea as that of invading England. But for us Germans there are far more tangible reasons for apprehensions through our exposed geographical position, let alone our dark historical background.

"So far as the idea of Germany's power being a menace to other countries is concerned, Germany, as you well know, is only one of the great powers which has waged no war during the last thirty-seven years."

NEW RECORD IN AIR

Army Men Say Problem of Aeroplane as War Implement Is Solved.

Washington, Sept. 10. — Orville Wright, in three phenomenal flights at Fort Myer yesterday, established new aeroplane records that not only assure the success of the official trials before the army board, but indicate that aerial flight is now only a matter of development. War on land and sea will find in the aeroplane, it is conceded by military men, a valuable means of reconnaisance and possibly carnage.

Two flights of approximately one hour each, another flight in which two men were whirled through the air for upwards of sixty minutes were the achievements of the Wright brothers' aeroplane yesterday. That these flights, record-breaking as they were, will even be surpassed by Orville Wright during his trials at Fort Myer, is confidently predicted. The first flight, made yesterday morning, in which the machine circled the drill grounds at the fort fifty-seven times in 57 minutes and 31 seconds, was surpassed last evening, when a flight of sixty-two minutes and fifteen seconds was made.

Not satisfied with breaking all distance and time records for a heavier-than-air flying machine, Mr. Wright took Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, the aeronaut of the signal corps, for a spin around the drill grounds, and made a new record for a two-man flight.

At 5:16 the latest invention of man to challenge the laws of nature, rose grandly into space and sailed over the greensward of the drill grounds. Higher and higher it rose, turned at a slight angle as the aviator brought it around at the farside of the field, and raced along at increasing speed. There was hardly a quiver of the aeroplane in the first few rounds of the field, Mr. Wright evidently having the steering apparatus well in hand, cutting short turns and shooting along the stretches. Mr. Wright paid little heed to anything but his levers for warping the surfaces of the planes and controlling the planes which control the altitude of the craft. When he had broken the record of 57 minutes and 31 seconds, established by him yesterday morning, the crowd raised a cheer.

Wizard of Air Congratulated.

Lieut. Selfridge, who operated the first successful aeroplane of the Aerial Experiment association, at Hammondsport, N. Y., was the first to congratulate Mr. Wright. Secretary Metcalf, of the navy; Secretary of War Wright and numerous army and navy officers, together with enthusiasts from every walk of life, gathered about the wizard of the air to grasp his hand.

With Mr. Wright and Lieut. Lahm in their places, the next start was made at 6:42, the machine apparently rising from the ground as easily with its increased burden as it had with only the inventor aboard.

As the machine completed the first round, the motor "skipped" on one cylinder, but on the succeeding five trips there was no evidence that the engine was overtaxed by the great strain. After the sixth lap, a beautiful landing was made within a hundred feet of the "Aerial garage," where the machine is sheltered from the elements.

STORIES PICKED UP

New York Press.

Those evening smells! Those evening smells!
How fragrantly each odor tells
The secret of the evening meal,
The likelihood of pork or veal,
The probability of stew,
The chances of a rich ragout.
About the hour of seven one meets
All kinds of perfumes on the streets;
Of fowl a scent, of duck a whiff,
Of cabbage and corned beef a sniff;
One tracks the pea soup to the spot
Where it is steaming, piping hot,
Or, if 'tis Friday one inhales
Still greater sweetness—fish pevails.
Although we cannot see, we feel
The presence of the shad or eel,
The haddock, salmon, cod or trout,
We know they're there without a doubt.
And smack our lips in expectation,
Of what we'll get for our collation,
For naught our appetite compels
Like evening smells, those evening smells.

Visitor—"So you've got a dog and cat for pets. They must be splendid companions for you."

Tommy—Oh! not very. They don't eat cake or jam."

Visitor—"Well, what has that to do with it?"

Tommy—"Well, when there's any cake and jam missing they don't get blamed for it.

Sapleigh—"A bwick fell from a building two yeahs ago and knocked me senseless."

Miss Caustique—"Indeed! And does your physician think you will ever get over it?"

"You need not be afraid of my dog. He attaches himself very easily to strangers."

"That is exactly what I am afraid of him for."

"My daughter isn't going to sing any more."

"I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"There are only twenty-four hours in a day."

"O! yes, he's been in jail a half a dozen times and he dosen't hesitate to admit it."

"Yes? Has the courage of his convictions, eh?"

Conductor—"This here transfer expired an hour ago, lady."

The lady—(diggin in her purse snappishly)—"No wonder! with not a single ventilator open in the whole car!"

Tom—"When are you going to wed your pretty fiancee?"

Dick (gloomily)—"Indeed, I do not know."

Tom—"But the report is gaining currency."

Dick—"Yes, but I am not gaining currency. That is just the trouble."

Shopper—"Oh, what a long nap this carpet has!"

Salesman—"Yes, ma'am—extra long. We call these our 'Rip Van Winkle rugs.'"

Swimming's Danger.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

"It isn't cramp," said a lifeguard, "that carries off so many good swimmers. After all, what is a leg or arm cramp? Couldn't a good swimmer easily turn on his back and float till the attack departed?

"No, cramp won't account for the strange seizures that, in a twinkling, turn a very fish of a swimmer into a helpless, speechless, drowning paralytic. What accounts for this business is water inhaling.

"A swimmer inhales spray through the nostrils; it passes through the pharynx, behind the epigiottis or windpipe guard, and so down into the windpipe. The result is nearly certain death.

"Dr. E. P. Roach, fo Bath, Me., got water in the windpipe while bathing. He stood in water up to his chin, a ripple touched his nostrils, and in an instant he found himself speechless and struggling for life. He was only ten feet from a raft or he'd have been drowned. Reaching the raft, he fell flat. It was twelve minutes before he could either speak or move.

"Swallowing water does you no harm, but breathing it may kill you. How to avoid accidentally breathing it, though—that is a question nobody seems able to answer."

Berlin's Public Vehicles

The Morgenpost.

The number of cabs in Berlin is falling off. According to the official statistics just issued there were on March 31, 7,251 taximeter cabs, of which 616 were auto cabs and 198 baggage cabs.

On June 30 there were only 7,083 cabs in use, of which 588 were auto cabs and 195 baggage cabs. The number of second class cabs, which was 209 at the end of March, had fallen to 200 on June 30.

It is worthy of remark that the number of auto cabs had fallen off by twenty-eight in three months. The number of street cars has also fallen off from 3,215 to 3,178. The number of omnibuses on June 30 was 1,048 (155 of them auto buses), a falling off of three in the quarter year. The number of accidents was considerable. The electric tramways killed seven persons, injured sixty-six severely and thirty-one slightly. The omnibuses killed three persons (two by auto buses), injured ten (six by auto buses) severely and seventy-seven (twenty-two by auto buses) slightly.

The auto cabs killed six persons, injured twenty-seven persons severely and eighty-eight slightly.

CARDINAL TALKS POLITICS

CARDINAL GIBBONS,
Who Urges Church to Take an Interest in Temporal as Well as Spiritual affairs.

STANDARD PAID FOR TIPS

Kellogg Gets Orders Forcing Trust to Bring Letters Into Court.

New York, Sept. 11.—Frank B. Kellogg, who is prosecuting the government's suit against the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, resorted to the United States circuit court yesterday and obtained an order to force the production of letters he had previously demanded from C. T. Collings, second vice president of the Standard Oil company of Kentucky. The government's lawyer obtained from Judge Ward a subpoena ordering Mr. Collings to produce the missing letters. This was served on the Standard official as he left the witness stand, where he had been testifying before Special Examiner Franklin Ferries.

The letters were written by M. Maxon a Standard agent, and dealt with sums which the government charges were paid by the Standard Oil company of Kentucky to its agents for the purpose of buying information as to competitors' shipments. This information, in some cases, the government alleges, was bought from railroad employes, oil inspectors and others. This is denied by the Standard Oil company.

Mr. Collings said he would not say whether the letters would be produced or not until he had a chance to confer with counsel. The court order states that the letters must be produced in court Monday morning.

THE EFFECTS OF DRUGS.

The most recent experiments as to the effects of drugs on mental and muscular work were made in a very careful manner by Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, of Cambridge, England, and are thought to have more scientific value than any preceding tests. Dr. Rivers' tests indicate that alcohol has no value as an aid it either mental or physical work; that tobacco is positively injurious, and that caffein, taken in moderation, increases the capacity for both mental and muscular work, but taken in excess really promotes fatigue, and if the excess is long continued, will induce neurasthenia, or nervous prostration. Caffein is the drug base of coffee, and is identical with theine, the basis of tea, and guaranine obtained from guarana. Dr. Rivers' experiments indicate, therefore, that a moderate use of tea and coffee in cases of hard mental and physical work is helpful. But they indicate the peril of excess in the use of tea and coffee more clearly than has ever been shown before.

The Fourth and the Doctors.

Ohio State Medical Journal.

A statistician makes a showing of 78 deaths and 2,594 injuries as a result of the celebration of the Fourth the country over. Ten of these deaths and 125 injuries occurred in Cleveland. The sacrifice of life and limb to the ostensible celebration of our natal day has rendered this mark of patriotism the sign of foolhardy death and destruction. The thousands of sick people suffer aggravations, and many well people are tortured by the hideous noises made by the hoodlum class, who seize upon the occasion as a license to molest the public. The prevention of disease and death demands of the state the enactment and enforcement of such laws as will compass our exhibitions of patriotism with a show of civilization and protection of life and health of the citizen. The State Medical association, through its legislative organization, stands for such prevention and protection.

Why They Are Jubilant.

Baltimore American.

"Outside of friendly sentiment produced by identity of race, do you know why the Australians are going wild over the American warships in their waters?" asked Prof. Gerald Maitland, of Edinburgh, Scotland, at the Belvedere.

"I will tell you the reason. It is because the ships typify power, force, strength, dominion. Looking at the centuries of its existence on this globe mankind has worshipped anything and everything that signifies predominant physical power. Your fleet stands not only for that many battleships, but for the entire strength of the mightiest nation on earth. Looking at the floating fortresses, the men of the antipodes understand that behind them are millions of fighting men, millions of money and resources such as no combination of governments could assemble. Moreover, your fighting craft look good to the Australians, for they see in them friends and possible allies."

Maryland County Flags

Baltimore Sun.

How many students of Maryland history are aware of the fact that in addition to the Maryland colors, gold and black, embodied in our state flag, each county of the province erected prior to 1695 had its own colors?

Ten counties had been erected in Maryland prior to 1695. Colors for the organization of these several counties were assigned as follows:

St. Mary's, red; Kent, blue; Anne Arundel, white; Calvert, yellow; Charles, orange; Baltimore, green; Talbot, purple; Somerset, buff; Cecil, crimson; Dorcester, the Union Jack (being the maritime county).

Thus Governor Croters upon state occasions might very appropriately have his military aides carry, in addition to the state colors, the crimson pennant of old Cecil, his native county.

GIBBONS' ADVICE

Cardinal Recommends Interest in Temporal as Well as Spiritual Affairs.

London, Sept. 14.—Speaking before the Eucharistic congress in Westminster Abbey today, Cardinal Gibbons, addressing himself to the British clergy, urged Catholics to take a personal interest in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. He said:

"Take a loyal, personal interest in all that concerns the temporal and spiritual welfare of your cherished country. No one should be a drone in the social hive. Let no man be an indifferent spectator of the civil and political events occurring around him. When we are enrolled in the army of the Lord, our duty to our country is not diminished, but increased. As you all enjoy the protection of a strong and enlightened government, so should each man have a share in sustaining the burden of the commonwealth.

"Above all, take an abiding and a vital interest in all that affects the welfare of your holy religion. Let the words of the Psalmist be your inspiring watchword: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember thee, if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy.'"

Discussing the ties uniting America and England, the Cardinal said

"We have not only the same language and literature, but we live under practically the same system of government. You are ruled by a constitutional monarchy; we are ruled by a constitutional republic. The head of our nation is the president; the head of your nation is the king. Though the forms of government differ in name, they are the same in their practical results. We both enjoy the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty."

Cardinal Gibbons paid eloquent tribute to the Catholic clergy of the British empire.

The Congress Ends.

A great procession of Catholic clergy, which brought the congress to an end, was held yesterday afternoon. Cardinal Vannutelli, the Pope's legate, walked at the head of the procession, wearing his scarlet robes and hat, but not carrying the Host, against which there had been so much protest. No such throngs of people have been seen in London since Queen Victoria's funeral, if even then.

After the procession had re-entered the cathedral, Cardinal Vannutelli appeared on the high balcony in gorgeous robes and elevated the Host, while thousands of Catholics outside the building reverently knelt.

TIPS TO SMOKERS.

Mr. Smoker, a word with you.

You have been smoking how many years now?

And there are probably still a great many elementary facts about the selection of pipes and tobacco that you don't know!

To begin with, in selecting a pipe, there are three big considerations, and prettiness is not one of them.

See that there are no patch-up places in the briar, be careful the pipe is not too heavy, and before you buy test the bore to be sure it draws well.

When buying tobacco beware the fruity-smelling brands. They are invariably doctored with oil of aniseed, glycerine or treacle.

A pipeful of good tobacco should last thirty minutes. Poor tobacco burns fast.

The most frequent adulterations consist of the addition, in large quantities, of water, salt, sugar, or treacle.

Don't hold the cigar or pipe at one side of the mouth. To do so is to excite the secretion of more saliva than when the cigar or pipe is held straight in front.

Never smoke out of doors in frosty weather or in a high wind. In the former case it cracks the lips and prevents proper breathing, and in the latter it is exceedingly uncomfortable for the smoker and those around him.

Ivory or pure amber make the best mouthpieces.

No great smoker should be an idle man. Without great mental or bodily labor to counteract it, much smoking is injurious. Out-of-door exercise is indispensable. Persons confined indoors should not smoke.

Tobacco tends to diminish the sugar of the blood. Therefore eat plenty of ripe fruit.

Strange to say, and unpopular as the dictum may be, it is unwise to smoke immediately after meals. This is almost an irresistible craving of the smoker. But smoking surely discourages digestion. For good digestion plenty of oxygen is necessary. Smoking interferes with the supply.

The Worse for Absinthe.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The Swiss people may be heartily congratulated upon their decision, by a referendum majority of 80,000 odd, absolutely to prohibit the manufacture and sale of absinthe. English visitors to the playground of Europe see little, as a rule, of the social problem involved. At most, perhaps, they may accept from the guide's flask a nip of the liquor just to qualify the cold neatness of a draught from a mountain stream. But Swiss people who have studied contemporary facts, especially in the French part of their country, subscribe strongly to the view that no nation is the better for absinthe. It is a self-denying ordinance, undoubtedly, even if the majority has been obtained by the votes of those who do not care for the bitter taste themselves; for the export trade in absinthe is considerable, and it is profitable to the state through the government's alcohol monopoly. But, as one-tenth of that monopoly's proceeds is reserved anyhow for combating alcoholism, Switzerland is accustomed not to put the revenue consideration invariably first.

FAILURE DUE TO FRAUD

Claimants Against $12,000,000 Sea Food Concern Make Charges.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—Revelations of a startling nature were made today regarding the failure of A. Booth & Co., the $12,000,000 fish, game and sea food corporation, placed in the hands of a receiver Thursday.

That the concern's books have been juggled for three years is charged in a circular sent out by the interested bankers, who also charge that in the company's statements $1,200,000 had been deducted from the liabilities and the books made to balance by a similar juggling in the asset column.

By reason of this manipulation, it is alleged, the corporation had been able to float paper that otherwise might not have been accepted by the purchasers.

Charges Are Serious.

So serious are the charges that it is freely predicted startling developments will follow. Members of the Booth family, however, are said to be in no way involved in questionable transactions, but are believed to be the heaviest losers because of the mismanagement of those in whom they had placed confidence.

The statement making the charges is signed by The First National Bank, Chicago; the Corn Exchange National Bank, Chicago; the Continental National Bank, Chicago; the Commercial National Bank, Chicago.

It is declared every bank that has bought Booth & Co.'s notes in the last year is a loser. There are more than 100 banks that hold the company's paper.

The Bankers' Statement.

"Booth & Co.," the bankers' statement says, "informed us that the increased liabilities shown, as compared with the company's previous statements, were cused by the manipulation of the figures in the annual reports for the three or four years ending April 30, 1907, and that in the statement of the latter date there had been deducted $1,200,000 from the liabilities and a similar amount from the assets to make the statement balance."

The national government is among the creditors of the firm, but to what extent is not now known. The company pleaded guilty on one count to rebating some time ago, but the amount of the fine has not yet been fixed. It may run anywhere from $1,000 to $20,000, and will constitute a preferred claim on the receiver.

STEAMERS AGROUND IN FOG

Thick Vapor Gives Vesselmen Much Trouble.

Philadelphia, Sept. 14.—A heavy fog last night and today on the Delaware river and bay gave considerable trouble to vesselmen, caused two steamboats to go aground and compelled 200 persons to remain on a steamboat all night.

A number of steamships, among them the Haverford, with 300 passengers from Liverpool to Philadelphia, had to anchor until the fog lifted.

BRYAN ATTACKS CANNON

Says the Latter Told Untruth About Former's Wealth.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 11.—Heavy personal onslaughts on Speaker Jos. G. Cannon, of the national house of representatives, were made yesterday by Wm. J. Bryan in the course of his travels through Illinois. The Democratic candidate attacked Mr. Cannon from all sides. He charged the speaker with being the favorite of predatory corporations, with having strangled reform legislation and with having falsified the facts with regard to Mr. Bryan's wealth.

In great detail Mr. Bryan gave figures how his money had been acquired from the day he entered congress until the present time. He denied emphatically that he was worth a million dollars and fixed the amount of his "earthly possessions" at $150,000 as the extreme limit. He had come by it honestly, he said, through saving a portion of his congressional salary and from receipts derived from his lectures and writings. He demanded that Speaker Cannon be as frank as himself and tell the public whether he had made any money through lecturing and writing, and to what extent his money making had been hampered by strict attention to public duties.

Not since the campaign began has Mr. Bryan spoken with such vehemence, and it is said to be the first time that a presidential candidate ever went out of his way to attack a candidate for congress.

Speaks at Wheeling Tonight.

Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 11.—William J. Bryan will arrive in this city about 3 o'clock this afternoon. A meeting of the Democratic organization will be held after Mr. Bryan's arrival, at which Gov. W. S. Jennings, of Georgia, will make an address. Mr. Bryan may attend this meeting. Mr. Bryan will deliver an address tonight and shortly after midnight will leave for Cumberland, Md.

BIG MAN-EATER IS CAUGHT

Shark Weighing 1,200 Pounds Hauled Aboard Launch.

New London, Conn., Sept. 14.—An eight-foot shark, weighing 1,200 pounds, was captured by Captain Nathaniel Keeney, while fishing for sea bass from a power launch off Race Rock. Captain Keeney and two companions brought the shark alongside, knocked it on the head and hauled it aboard. The shark was of the man-eating sort.

THE WAY OUT

From Weakness to Power by Food Route.

Getting the right start for the day's work often means the difference between doing things in wholesome comfort, or dragging along half dead all day.

There's more in the use of proper food than many people ever dream of—more's the pity.

"Three years ago I began working in a general store," writes a man, "and between frequent deliveries and more frequent customers, I was kept on my feet from morning till night.

"Indigestion had troubled me for some time, and in fact my slight breakfast was taken more from habit than appetite. At first this insufficient diet was not noticed much, but at work it made me weak and hungry long before noon.

"Yet a breakfast of rolls, fried foods and coffee meant headache, nausea and kindred discomforts. Either way I was losing weight and strength, when one day a friend suggested that I try a 'Grape-Nut breakfast.'

"So I began with some stewed fruit, Grape-Nuts and cream, a soft boiled egg, toast, and a cup of Postum. By noon I was hungry but with a healthy, normal appetite. The weak, languid feeling was not there.

"My head was clearer, nerves steadier than for months. Today my stomach is strong, my appetite normal, my bodily power splendid and head always clear.

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

55 MEN KILLED IN BUILDING A BRIDGE.

New York, Sept. 11.—Fifty-five men have been killed in building the Blackwell's island bridge over the East river, according to the report of a committee of the Central Federated Union appointed to ascertain the fatalities in that work. The committee also found that fifteen workmen have suffered death in the Chelsea docks improvements.

TAFT TURNS DOWN COX

Says Services of Committee of Three Will Not Be Needed.

Cincinnati, Sept. 11.—George B. Cox, August Herrmann and Rud K. Hynicka, who were named a committee of three to assist William H. Taft in this campaign at a meeting of the Hamilton county central committee, have been politely but firmly informed that the committee is not needed.

When Taft was informed of the action of the county committee in selecting Cox, Herrman and Hynicka to represent the party organization in his campaign in this city, he merely said:

"I suppose the committee was appointed with the idea of assisting in front porch meetings. But as the plan has been abandoned, and I am going out to speak in several states, the necessity for work by the committee ceases to be."

The "underground" work of the campaign, such as communication with various county organization in Ohio who wish to come to Cincinnati, suggestions to and from the national committee which is arranging the itinerary of Judge Taft, and calls from Cincinnati politicians and friends constitute the program of the Republican candidate today. His first caller was Mr. Cotterman, director of posts of the Philippine Islands, who is passing through the city.

The call of Senator Foraker to the offices of Judge Taft in the Sinton hotel, the half hour conference which followed and the statements of cordiality by each party to the conference, constituted the news feature of yesterday at the Taft headquarters.

"We had a very pleasant personal talk," said Senator Foraker, on leaving at 1 o'clock. "Yes, we talked about politics, about nothing but politics you might say."

"There is nothing to say except that we repeated what we said at Toledo," was Judge Taft's comment after his caller had gone. He added: "We discussed the general aspects of the campaign. Senator Foraker said he wanted to do all he could to bring about Republican success, and that when I needed him I should call upon him. The senator is to take an active party in the campaign."

W. S. Taylor, president of the Ohio Society of Philadelphia, extended a formal invitation in person to Judge Taft today to be the guest of honor at the annual banquet of the society in January. Mr. Taylor incidentally had this political view to present Judge Taft: "As far as I can understand the political situation, Republican success is endangered by a feeling of cocksuredness that seems to have pervaded even the so-called doubtful states."

Dayton wants an address from Judge Taft, after he ends his proposed "swing around the circle." The invitation to this end was brought here today by Charles W. Beizer and A. C. McDonald, both of Dayton.

A Montana town has just been named "Taft," in honor of the Republican candidate, and notification was sent him today.

REFUSES TO SPEAK SUNDAY

Bryan Disapproves and Marylanders Are Disappointed.

Deer Park, Md., Sept. 14.—William Jennings Bryan yesterday put his stamp of disapproval on Sunday political speech making. Without his knowledge, the residents around Mountain Lake Park were notified to assemble there at 3 to hear him talk.

More than 1,200 gathered while Mr. Bryan at Deer Park was protesting to a local committee that he would make no speech. He finally was prevailed upon to go and shake hands with the crowd, with the understanding that there should be no hand clapping.

FINDS HUGE SPOTS ON SUN

Big Solar Outbursts Responsible for Fine Auroras.

Geneva, N. Y., Sept. 11.—Professor William R. Brooks, at the Smith Observatory, made observations and photographs yesterday of two great sunt spots plainly visible to the naked eye. These two prominent spots are 10,000 miles in diameter, while one of them precedes a group of spots 80,000 miles in length. These solar outbursts are coincidental with the recent fine auroras.

SULTAN GIVES UP

Abd-El-Aziz Will Not Continue the Fight for Morocco's Throne.

Casablanca, Sept. 11.—Abd-El-Aziz, the former sultan of Morocco, has written a letter to Mtougi, one of his leaders, thanking him for his support, but saying that he had decided to abandon the struggle.

Mtougi replied that he would never submit to Mulai-Hafid, and it is believed that he intends to enter the field against the new ruler of the empire.

FIVE HURT AND MAY DIE

Gas Explodes When Vault Door Is Opened.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—Four women and a man, employes of the Wahl Adding Machine company, were probably fatally injured today by an explosion of illuminating gas in a wall safe in the plant of the company, 405 Ohio street.

The explosion occurred when the vault was opened and an attempt made to light the gas jet. The third and fourth floors of the building were wrecked and for a time it was believed that the injured persons had been killed. A number of other employes were slightly injured.

ONLY CREDIT SAVED "POOR OLD U. P.," SAYS HARRIMAN

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 11.—E. H. Harriman was banqueted at the Field club last evening by the Omaha Commercial club. His talk was reminiscent of the recent panic. He said:

"Speaking of bankers, they can lock up and make things tight when they want to. In this last senseless money panic—senseless because it followed a decision that need not have been so far-reaching—I recollect that 'the poor old Union Pacific' once went through a panic that carried destruction and drove it to the shelter of the United States court. But this time the Union Pacific had no help from bankers, and asked none. It stood on its own credit, and it emerged with scarcely a scratch.

"I could not help thinking today, as I went over the road, of the changes since I first went over it as chairman of the executive commitee. But had our credit been so good as to permit us to acquire other lines as feeders and to borrow money, the last panic might have again carried down the old Union Pacific."

HEALTHY KIDNEYS

Just Your Address Brings $1's Worth.

If you are in earnest about getting cured of your Kidney, Bladder or Uric Acid Disease, send your address to The Dr. D. A. Williams Co., 820 P. O. Block, East Hampton, Conn. By return mail they will send you prepaid a full dollar's worth of The Williams Treatment. Use it all. If entirely satisfied, send them $1. If not satisfied, keep your money. You decide. They take your word. Guaranteed harmless.

LADIES "DR. SOUTHINGTON" positively guarantees his concentrated Semi-Vegetable EGGO-KOLO "Monthly" Compound. Safely RELIEVES some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in THREE to FIVE days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Price $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. "LADIES BOOKLET" FREE. Buy of your druggist or write DR. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Dept. 10, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory Free. Pay when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44 Tekonsha, Mich.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 200-21 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Would You Marry If Suited? Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people, many rich, from all sections, mailed sealed free. D.G.Gunnels, Toledo, O.

BED WETTING Cured. Sample Free. C. H. ROWAN, Dept. 48, London, Can.

BE A MOTORMAN

Our complete Electric Railway Course by mail will make you a competent Motorman or Conductor in short time at small cost. Hundreds of positions open at good salaries. Instruction endorsed by Electric Railway managers. Write today for free catalog—state age and weight. The Westbe Railway Cor. School, Dept. E-R-207. Freeport, Ill.

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CANCER I send the most astonishing, absolutely true testimonials ever written, proving the wonderful cancer cures I have made without operation, danger, pain or plasters. I give the positive evidence of cured, living witnesses. Write me today for free and startling proofs direct from people cured. Address DR. RUPERT WELLS, 1234 Rudol Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED: Opportunity for teachers, students, bookmen, to sell Webster's New 1908 Dictionary. Salaried positions open for competent men and women. Address, with full particulars, The Saalfield

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Serve God and be cheerful. Live nobly,
Do right and do good. Make the best
Of the gifts and the work put before you,
And to God without fear leave the rest.

MONDAY

They who cheerothers need not fear for themselves.

TUESDAY

May we find our lives in saving those whose sky is dark, whose burdens are heavy, and whose faith is perishing.

WEDNESDAY

Deliver us from all useless discontent, all idle doubts and foolish fears. In all our dealings may we be simple and sincere.

THURSDAY

This world is only a place of pilgrimage, but after all there is a good deal of cheer on the journey, if it is made with a contented heart.

FRIDAY

May we so forget ourselves in acts of kindness and words of comfort that each one whom our lives may touch, may become thereby a happier, purer, stronger soul.

SATURDAY

Who shall despair while the fields of earth are sown with flowers and the fields of heaven blossom with stars?

LETTERS OF ANGER

ELIZABETH AYRES

The saying, "When you are angry, think twice before you speak," is an old and trite one, but it remains good advice to follow. It is equally applicable in the matter of letter writing, in which connection it is too seldom taken into consideration. Words that are written in the heat of anger are often words that burn deeper and leave a more lasting impression than those which are spoken.

The angen is "down in black and white," there to repeat itself over and over and to remain in existence indefinitely, or so long as the recipient cares to keep the wrathful communication. Letters of this sort are reminders of the ugly mood which prompted their writing. The mood may have shifted before the letter has had time to reach its destination, but it cannot be recalled, and it inflicts a wound that is usually long in healing.

There are many people who have the habit of preserving letters, though they may not be of special importance. When this is the case with an abusive letter it is likely to be given several readings thereby stimulating the sense of injury that was aroused when it was received.

A letter of anger has much to condemn it. The writing of one is a fall from dignity, forgetfulness of self-respect and a loss of the respect of others. It is an indelible sign of the lack of self-control, a betrayal of malice, a poisonous thing and a mark of weakness. So long as it exists it serves as evidence of a despicable quality in its writer, or a giving way to a commotion of the mind.

It is difficult to discover any possible good in a letter filled with anger. It seldom fails to create its like, and, while it may be, for the moment, a relief to express one's feelings, there is seldom unmitigated joy in the consequences which are more than likely to follow.

As silence is golden in time of mental disturbances, to refrain from letter writing, when anger holds sway, is equally golden. It is an elemental nature that engages pen and paper with which to sting, and stab, and scourge without mercy someone who has offended. The intention of "getting even" always fails of its object. The letter may hurt, grieve or awaken responsive anger, but it accomplishes nothing that is profitable.

The one who receives such a letter is wise to destroy it immediately. The one who writes such a letter is wise not to mail it. Keep it for future reference, when one's mind may have changed, and the letter will seem either beyond pardon or ridiculous. In either case it is not probable it will ever reach its intended destination.

Time, even a little time, works wonders, and the anger of today may be gone tomorrow.

Somewhere I found the following paragraph and kept it as a reminder in case it should be needed. It says: Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion, once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and I wrote a long letter, but life had rubbed a little sense into me and I kept the letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any good, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed.

It is evident that life has rubbed a good deal of sense into the author of the paragraph. He knew that the effects of a letter of anger die hard, both with the sender and the receiver, and that some day, if the anger letter is preserved, it is likely to suddenly confront its writer as one of the things he would rather not have done.

The varied vicissitudes of life, or our mistakes, are the only means by which we may get the much to be desired "sense" rubbed into us, and in the present instance, the anger letter is emphasized particularly, as one of the things which the sense we may have acquired should teach us to avoid.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

WHAT HOME SHOULD BE.

Home should be the sweetest place on earth to young and old. It should be where our sons and daughters have first found the light that fills their hearts with love instead of hatred and brings a God-like look upon their faces.

Home should be a place that, after children have grown into manhood and womanhood and have gone out into the world to seek homes of their own, they can look back to their childhood with joy and think of a home that has been one of happiness and of parents whose affections have penetrated deep into their hearts.

Do all parents realize what the Bible means when it says: "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he becomes old he will not depart from it."

The way you live your children will live also. What you say, they will say, and where you go they are almost sure to go. You need not think your children will practice good if your own ways are evil. If you would have your child right and live unspotted from the world you should live in such a manner yourself. The little feet are stepping in your footprints and if they go astray you are responsible.

I do not wonder when young men go down to destruction, nor do I wonder at even gray-haired fathers standing behind the prison walls. Evil was planted in their hearts while they were young and impressionable, and as years rolled on it took root and grew till great crimes are the fruits thereof, and today finds fathers victims of their sons and sons victims of their fathers.

How easy perfect happiness could have been attained if only a religious principle had been cultivated. Nothing brings more happiness to a home than to be gentle and kind with one another. Let love be the ruling spirit, for without love and charity home seemeth no home at all. I would rather live in a lonely cot high up in a lofty mountain and know that peace and Christian love were around my fireside than to dwell in a costly mansion where the family knows nothing of how sweet it is to gather around the home altar, when day is done, with a smile for one another and a prayer of thanks to Him who doeth all things well.

Live before your children as though true religion dominated your heart. Encourage your offspring in doing good. Sow the seed while yet you hear their innocent prattle. Then, in after years, when you hear the sweet sound no more, you may, with joy, reap what you have sown and gather fruit from a tree that cumbereth not the ground. Many homes are darkened with the shadow of shame simply because proper nourishment has not been given at the right time. Train the young mind to run in the right direction before evil influence destroy its beauty and modesty and lead your child on and on until, at last, he reaches a stage where the eye of God is turned from him and he is left to walk in darkness.

Gather your children around you and teach them the truth laid down in God's word. Take them to the Sabbath school and train them in the way they should go and when age lays its hand upon you, you have the comfort of a heart filled with thankfulness to your God that He has blessed you with bright, cheerful, loving faces to lighten your burdens and cheer you in despondent hours. Home will then be happy and you can pass in review a life which has been faithful in discharging your duty as mother and father and faithful as well in the service of God.—Mrs. W. H. Fogleman.

A HOME TALK

It has been quite a long time since I have come in for a chat, but I have been listening, "all the same," and have not missed a word that has been said. It is needless to say I have been busy, for I think all the sisters of the Cozy Corner are busy women.

Since my last visit with you a little girl has come to live with us. We call her Dorothy, so now I have three little boys and a little sister. I sometimes lose patience and think that mine is a hard lot, but again I am very, very thankful that I have four little healthy children, and that some day, I hope, I shall be proud of them. The eldest is not yet 5 years of age, but still he can do many things for "mama" that some children who are older would not do.

Some people say to me it would have been nicer if the oldest child was a girl, but I believe that little boys can do many things about the house without being "a sissy boy."

I wonder how many of the sisters scrub their floors like this, or rather mop them: I take a pail of boiling hot water and put a couple of teaspoonfuls of lye into it. I have another pail of cold water close by. I mop the floor with the boiling water and wring the mop out of the cold water. This saves your hands and you can get your floor as white as if you scrubbed it with a brush. My floor is hard wood. I don't know how this plan would act on any other, but I do not see why it would not be as good.

I get so many helpful hints from The Blade. I wonder how near the "nearest" sister lives to me. I live in Aurora, Ill. Well, I will close this time and come again when I have more news than I have today.—Aurora Belle.

INQUIRIES

Almost in despair I come to the Household editor and her numerous helpers to ask a favor. I am just now literally overrun in my kitchen by what the people here call "roach bugs." It seems that they defy extermination. Will some reader kindly send a tried and sure exterminator, bearing in mind the fact that I have used numerous insect powders and other roach remedies without success. I hope someone will kindly send a "sure relief."—Mrs. P.

This seems to be a case for a home remedy, which will be the only kind we can print, as we cannot give free advertising to articles of merchandise. —Editor.

A short time ago we printed an inquiry asking directions for making good bread, beginning with the yeast. We have another inquiry of the same sort from one who signs herself Black-Eyed Blanche. She writes:

"Will some good housewife kindly tell me how to make bread, especially the yeast? Perhaps I do not understand making the yeast, but I am young and anxious to learn."

INQUIRY ANSWERED

For Mrs. C. B. Dice, one of our friends has been kind enough to send this recipe for making mushroom catsup:—To one gallon of mushrooms, measured after they have been slightly cooked, add two tablespoonfuls each of salt and black pepper—if you like pepper—one of mustard, half a tablespoonful each of cloves, allspice, and a pint of good vinegar. Cook thoroughly and put through a sieve. Use a porcelain lined kettle. Can in glass while hot.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Happiness lies in forgetfulness of self. Do something for some one today, if it is nothing more than a cheery "good morning."

Letters recently received are from The Far Away, Somebody's Dearie, Mrs. W. P. Minor, Alone, Mrs. L. M. Kilmer, Essex and Mrs. G. C. S.

Grey Wing:—Here is a compliment for you. Mrs. W. P. Minor, one of our Oregon friends writes: "I am using Grey Wing's mustard pickle recipe and think it is fine."

Dear Mrs. Kilmer:—Your letter is received. I am very glad you wrote to me, and was interested in what you had to say. Try it again. Thank you for the recipes, I shall use them soon.—Elizabeth Ayres.

Doxie, Grand Army Man:—If you are at home, why not write a letter to the Corner and tell us something of your experiences in Toledo? I'm glad you came to see me.—E. A.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should love so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Dear Editor: I am a little boy, 10 years old. I live on a farm a short distance from the schoolhouse. Our school begins the first of September. I like school pretty well. I have a grandmother 84 years old, and a grandfather 80. I am writing this letter to surprise my mamma and papa. So I hope it will be put in the paper. —Fred Gamble.

I am a little girl 11 years old. I have written one letter to The Blade. As I have not seen it in print, I thought I would come again. I have three brothers and four sisters. Their names are Clinton, Allen, Harvey, Maggie, Vina, Linnie and Mary. My sister Linnie is dead. My brother Allen and the rest of my sisters are in Illinois.

For pets I have three cats, Nellie, Frank and Teddy. I have a dog. His name is Carlo. I have three ducks, which have no names. Hello, Ruth, I have three ducks. How many are you raising? My papa had a big peach crop this year, but they are nearly all gone. I am in the sixth grade at school. My school begins the 14th of September. I have a postcard album and I have 43 postcards. Well, I have written a pretty long letter, so I will close with best wishes. Here is a little verse I will send to you:

It is sweet to be remembered
By those you trust are true;
Please think of me some times,
For I often think of you.
—Black-Eyed Beauty from Ohio.

We always read the children's letters in The Blade and enjoy them very much, so we thought we would write one, too. We live on a large farm six miles south of Oregon City. Our father has two farms. One has one hundred and seventy acres, and the other has fifty acres. We live on the largest farm. One of our hired men lives on the other one.

Most all of our work is in growing teasels. Our father has many acres of them. We have three lovely horses, two black and one gray, and six cows.

We will say something about ourselves. We are two sisters, one 15, the other is 13. We are both light complected and have dark blue eyes, and light, long, thick hair. We have an organ and both take music lessons.

Last spring we hoed teasels and in harvest we shocked grain. We both enjoy outdoor life. There are nine children in the family, five boys and four girls. Our oldest brother has just got married. We thrashed last week and had over 2,000 bushels of grain. While we had the thrashers, we rode out in wagons and drove horses, which we also enjoyed.

Hoping to see this in The Blade, we are friends from Oregon.—Sisters Florence and Ada Gregory.

I am a little girl 13-year-old, and live about 7 miles south of Steubenville, Ohio, on a farm of 50 acres. I saw a letter from Rosie Harris in The Blade of August 20, and thought I would send in one, too. I have a sister 7 years old. We go to school together and like to go. I am in the 6th reader. She is in the 2nd. Our teacher is a stranger this time, but if we try to learn I am sure that he will teach us.

We have 3 cows and one calf. I can milk and enjoy it. For pets we have a cat and dog. My sister calls the cat Thomas Jefferson and I call the dog Carlo. He is a shepherd and a great help with the cows. Our horses number two. One is black, the other sorrel. The black one is blind, but he is very knowing, as he can go to water and back by himself, never getting off the road. If I see my letter in print, I will write again.—Frances Vermillion.

I live at Clifton, Tenn. My name is Gracie Jeter. I have three brothers and two sisters. My youngest brother is two months old today. My papa owns an automobile. He carries the mail in it from my home to a town called Waynesboro, south of Clifton. I go to school. I am in the sixth grade. I have no pets. I play with dolls. My chum's name is Luella Kloss. She is a German girl who came from Wisconsin. I have blue eyes and light hair. I live on the bank of the river. I have an organ and can play. I took music lessons last fall. I have a little brother 8 years old. He is in the third grade. My father has been taking The Blade for quite a while. If I see this letter in print I will write again and tell you all about my school.—Gracie Jeter.

Mrs. Mackay and Her Activities

One of the notable women of the day is Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who, besides being one of the leading hostesses in New York society, is a clever writer and an indefatigable worker in many charitable and reform movements.

There are few women as versatile and as pratical as this beautiful young matron. She is a descendant of families which have given to this country notable educators, statesmen and diplomatists, and she comes rightly by inheritance into her many talents and accomplishments.

There is hardly a movement of reform, municipal or educational, in which she does not take the liveliest interest, and she is at the head of a number of worthy charities. She is one of the directors of a school board, having been twice elected in this capacity. She is possessed of unsual executive ability, and her conduct of affairs is energetic and original.

She is the mother of three children, two daughters and a son, and their education is a matter of her personal care. Mrs. Mackay is the author of several books, one of which, a novel, The Stone of Destiny, had a considerable vogue, and the other, a drama in verse, has had the distinction of being copied in several languages, and has enjoyed much popularity in Germany as well as in this country.

Mrs. Mackay is not the only American woman of great wealth and high social position who is taking an active interest in affairs of importance. The number of rich women who are doing "something to help" is growing every day, and they are using their wealth and influence for the betterment of the world.

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY. —From Vogue.

THE MERRY - GO - ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we have another descriptive letter to head our column. These are excellent letters to have, and Miss Prudence is "much obliged" to those by whom they are written. The following describes a trip to Mammoth Cave:

A short walk from the railway train, brought us to the Mammoth Cave hotel, which is an interesting case of evolution from a log cabin. The original cabin still stands just as it did in the days of the saltpeter miners, only now it is weather-boarded and the logs are hidden. Other cabins, built in a long row, were added at a later date, and a central cabin was erected with a wide hall between two parlors. In process of time, all these separate cabins were joined together as one structure, with wide verandas and six hundred feet of covered portico. A spacious frame house was erected in front, with offices, dining-hall, assembly room and other conveniences. The tall white pillars of the long colonnade, between which one looks out on a grove of oaks and cedars, the ample lawn, the extensive garden, together with the rustic surroundings, make the place a delightful resort for those who do not demand too many city privileges in the heart of a primitive forest.

The pathway leading from the hotel to the mouth of the cavern is shaded with sycamore, chestnut, poplars—the tulip tree of the region—gnarled and knotted oaks, festooned with giant vines; clumps of pawpaw or of spice wood with occasional groups of the Judas tree and an undergrowth of smaller bushes, all of which combine to make a landscape of singular beauty and botanical richness.

The opening of the subterranean world is on the right as it is approached. For the convenience of visitors, two principal lines of exploration have been laid out, the longest being designated the River route and the shorter the Route of Pits and Domes.

When the visitor is at the foot of the rude stone stairway leading from the rim of the cavern's mouth, looking backward, he catches the last glimpse of the blue sky, forming a transparent background for the tall forest trees which seem to nod him a farewell. Passing along on the right, for a distance of fifty yards or so, and the Iron Gate, placed there to prevent the work of vandal hands on the formations of the cave, looms dimly in the gathering gloom. The impression of Mammoth Cave, formed by the great arched entrance, here receives a violent amendment. The walls are close on either side and the roof is so low that one must stoop as he passes along, but dangers to head and feet are successfully avoided, and the passage through Hutchin's Narrows is accomplished.

While going through the Narrows, suddenly the walls begin to recede. The pathway lies down a small hill of some ten or twelve feet and darkness, slightly dispelled by the fitful glare of the lamps, is alone confronted.

The guide announces that the Rotunda has been reached and the fitness of the name is apparent. Sixty feet about is the grand arch which forms the roof of the immense hall, broken into folds and frets of great beauty along the upper margin. The ceiling is one vast expanse of whiteish limestone, unsupported by pillar or column. It is formed by the junction of the two large avenues, which at last take shape as one's eyes become accustomed to the gloom. The great avenue to the right is Audubon which contains the nearest and most beautiful of the stalactites to be seen in the cave.

Next comes the Little Bat Room, named for the myriads of bats which, in winter, gather here. Little Bat avenue leads by a winding way to Klett's Dome and to Crevice Pit. Along the way the guide points out the exit of the Corkscrew, that wonderful, intricate passage which leads to the rivers.

Fearing my letter may be too long, I shall only mention some of the objects to be seen: Arm Chair, Bridal Altar, in which thus far, twelve weddings have been celebrated, Kentucky Monument, which is the largest of all the monuments and reaches to the roof, The Statue, Giant's Coffin, Bottomless Pit, Fairy Grotto, The Corkscrew, Fat Man's Misery and a great many other wonderful things.

In my next letter I will tell of a trip to Colorado and Pike's Peak.—Pauline, From Kentucky.

Will you admit another Illinois girl into your circle? We have taken The Blade for a long time and like it so well that it really seems like one of the family.

I have been thinking of writing to you, but I was just backward about it, for I am a stranger to you all.

I live in the country, about three miles from the nearest town, and that is as close as I want to be, for I think there is nothing better than country life.

We have a good farm and raise all kinds of vegetables. I am a lover of music and have an organ. I can play some and have a brother and sister that are fine singers, so we have a good time with our music.

My parents and I are members of the M. E. church, which we attend regularly.

Hello there, Cherokee Girl! I have just read one of your letters. They are so interesting. Come again. I like to hear from you.

I must not stay too long, so I will step out as timidly as I stepped in. With love to everyone.—"Bashful Elsie."

Perhaps you would like to hear from me again. I have never written very much of a letter, so I will try and write you all one that will interest you for a moment. I am a farmer by trade. I live in Braxton county, West Virginia. I am the only son of my parents. My father was taken sick eight years ago when I was nearly fourteen years of age, and ever since that time my mother and I have kept the family. I have three sisters who are dear to me, although like most other families we have our differences, but they don't amount to much. We never hold spite at each other.

For my part, the row is hard for me to hoe, but the good Lord is helping me. Some of the M. G. R.'s do not, perhaps, appreciate the letters from us boys. I mean the M. G. R. girls, but we boys beg your pardon. I love to read good letters from boys and girls.—West Va. Boy.

I have been reading the M. G. R. letters of late and like them very much. Some of them are most inspiring and edifying. I see that the Blade is up-to-date in politics and religion. We learn much from letters from different states. I am very fond of music, both social and instrumental. I have a piano, organ and guitar. I like the guitar for songs. I live near Saginaw, which is the metropolis of northern Michigan. It is a city of 50,000 population and is a very fine place, surrounded by a fertile country. It is said that but a few years ago the Indians held possession here and built their campfires and made their great speeches.

There are many school houses around here and many children attend the schools with well-filled dinner pails. I liked the letter from Indiana Wabash, which appeared in the paper some time ago. I delight in western scenery, and was on the Pacific coast a short time ago.

By the way, do any of the M. G. R.s know the poem of which these lines are a part:

There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard.
—Saginaw Boy.

I have been a subscriber to the good old Blade for some four or five years, and have received so much comfort and pleasure from the M. G. R. I thought I would ask admittance. I am a great reader, and have read a vast number of books. I am always helped by the cheery letters written by the members of this circle, and never so much as this evening as the rain is descending in torrents. I felt very blue until reading my old standby, The Blade. I will sign the name my friends call me—Chuck.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high,
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it autumn,
And others call it God.
—William H. Carruth.

There's quite a bunch of letters this week from my large and growing family. They have come from An Alabama Girl, Pet, Maggie Lehr, Dark-Eyed Amy, Irish Kid, A Baden Girl, Uncle John, G. E. Howell, Brancaleone and Native Daughter of the Golden West. Everybody is welcome.

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A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE

There is a boy in New York who—but wait a minute, he isn't a boy any more, come to think of it, he is ninety-four years old, and that is hardly a boy, is it?

But he was a boy once, and a lively, healthy, hustling boy he was, too, away back in the early '30's, and he did something that no boy had ever done before, and that no boy will ever do again—for he was the first boy that rode on the first train in America.

His name was Stephen Smith Dubois, and he was just as fond of fun and excitement, and of going to places and seeing things, as boys are today. In the autumn of 1831, after crops were harvested, and he had in his pocket the money he had earned as a farm hand, he thought he would give himself a great treat. So he put his little bundle on a stick over his shoulder, and started to walk all the way from Providence, Saratoga county, up to Albany, to visit his uncle. He was fifteen years old then, and a forty-mile walk was nothing to his active young limbs.

He had been living on a farm, and the sights of Albany kept him at a fever heat of interest for a week, at which time he felt that he would have to start on his return journey. He did not in the least mind the prospect of the long walk, but when he mentioned the matter to his uncle, he was told that if he would remain a little longer his uncle would take him on the trial trip of the new railroad then being built, and which was the greatest experiment that had ever been undertaken in that part of the country. What boy could possibly resist the opportunity to ride in a brand-new invention that was the talk of the whole country, and which, moreover, it was predicted, would run away, or blow up, or go over into a ditch at the first trial!

"The name of the engine was the 'De Witt Clinton,' but somebody called it the 'Brother Jonathan,' and it was afterward known as the 'Yankee.'" I suppose on account of the English engine being called the 'John Bull.'

"It was a pretty funny looking little contraption compared to what locomotives are now. It stood high and spindling, had a straight, small smokestack and the boiler was about as big as a kereosene barrel. Behind the engine there was a tender, just a sort of a platform on a truck, and on this were two barrels of water, a couple of baskets of fagots, and an armful of wood. Behind the tender were the coaches, hooked together by three links. Did you ever see an old-fashioned stage coach? Well, these coaches were made just like them. Regular stage coach bodies, placed on trucks and supported by thorough-braces, with a "boot" at each end for baggage —and four seats inside, each holding three people—two seats in the middle and one on each end. There were five coaches that day, and all of them were packed full when the train finally got started, so there must have been something like seventy-five people aboard.

"All the 'big bugs' and dignitaries of the whole state were there. I reckon no boy ever rode in more distinguished company. Most of them were directors of the road, senators, governors, mayors, high-constables, editors, and all sorts of celebrities. Many of them were old men, even then, and most of them were middle-aged or over, while I was the only boy on the excursion and I was only fifteen. That's why I say that I know that I am the only person now living that was on the Mohawk and Hudson on its first trip with passengers over the road.

"Well, as I said, we had a terrible time getting started, but at last we got off, and then it did seem to me as if we fairly flew. I had never felt anything like it. There were big white stone mile-posts all along the road, and it seemed to me that I no sooner would get through dodging one than another one would come by. Oh, it was grand riding, I tell you!

"A man by the name of Jervis—John B. Jervis, I think it was—was chief engineer, John Hampson was the fireman, and John Clark, the fellow they called 'resident engineer,' acted as conductor. They didn't have a regular conductor. I remember that they filled up the boiler when we started, but at what they called the 'half-way house' we had to stop at a tank and take on water to carry us through.

"By the time we'd left the half-way house she was getting right down to her work, and it did look to me as if we were going at a terrible speed, although I guess about eighteen miles an hour was the best time we made.

"I saw some of the passengers turn pale and clutch their seats like grim death when we rounded the curves; and others of them, solemn old fellows, looked at each other and shook their heads, as if they knew that going at such a rate as that was almost wicked, and that they surely were tempting fate. But I wasn't a bit scared. The faster we went the better I liked it. The engine couldn't go too fast to suit me.

"People all along the way ran out to look after the train as dumfounded as if it had been an airship or a comet, and the horses and cows and pigs and chickens took to the hills, bawling and squawking as if they thought the very fiends were after them."—Mary K. Maule in St. Nicholas.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

After the battle of Buena Vista, a village of Mexico, where, in February, 1847, some 5,000 United States troops defeated 20,000 Mexicans under Santa Ana, the legislature of Kentucky caused the dead of that state who fell at Buena Vista to be brought home and interred at Frankfort under a splendid monument. Theodore O'Hara, a gifted Irish-Kentucky soldier, was selected orator and poet of the occasion, hence the splendid eulogy, The Bivouac of the Dead:

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with dust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms in battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane,
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain—
For never fiercer war had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain.
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide.
Not long our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed their sons would pour
Their lives for glory, too.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the mouldering slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of that Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindly hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceful stone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

WHEN THE KING COMES IN

By A. P. Cobb.

There's a feast of love in the court's above,
There is room for all in the wedding hall,
For the King's Son weds and a feast He spreads
In the royal wedding hall.
CHORUS.
When the King comes in,
When the King comes in,
To the feast of love,
In the courts above.
Every wedding guest must be richly dressed
When the King comes in, when the King comes in.

See the robes they wear who are gathered there,
See the Bridegroom now with the thorn crowned brow;
And the wedding dress is His righteousness,
In the royal wedding hall.

Woe to them that come on that wedding morn,
Woe to them there, others robes shall wear,
For none enters in with a robe of sin
To the royal wedding hall.

A STORY OF THE ENCAMPMENT

Written for The Blade, by L. E. Woodin, Norfolk, Va.

Lay down your magazine, dear heart,
I've something grand to say,
About the comrades whom I met,
In town the other day.
Oh, 'twas a grand reunion, dear,
Of us old boys in blue,
So lay aside your readin', wife,
I want to talk to you.

Toledo surely treated us
Like brothers true and tried,
And lovingly they greeted us,
As we marched side by side.
But, wife, the line had dwindled down
The regiment was large,
Which had at last been mustered out
With honorable discharge.

We marched along with easy pace,
Till fife and drum were heard,
And our old captain's voice rang out
A quick-step was his word.
You should have seen those comrades start,
Like gallant soldiers true,
And, wife, it just reminded us,
Of when the bullets flew.

And when a veteran came along,
Assisted by his wife,
And one was wheeled upon a chair,
The music gave new life.
And those gray-bearded comrades fell
A thrill, and I could see,
The tears stream down their sunken cheeks,
Oh, 'twas a sight to me!

And while some marched beneath the flag,
With firm and stalwart tread,
Our thoughts were with the trembling ones,
And the thousands who were dead.
Then all at once a message came,
And halted one old "vet,"
He sank—I did not learn his name,
But, oh, our eyes were wet.

And when they carried him away,
We marched on as before;
And, wife, I was afraid that day
Death would call many more.
But down the line with drum and fife
We marched throughout the day,
And, oh, it was a sight, dear wife,
When thousands cleared the way.

But, dear, the thing I saw that day
Which thrilled my heart so much,
Was when we met some boys in gray
And felt their gentle touch.
And heard them say, like loyal men,
"You are OUR comrades too!
Don't think because we wear the gray
We do not love the blue.

"Yes, we are glad to see the flag,
To march beneath its stars,
And we will join in waving it,
Defending all its stars."
And then they clasped our hands and said,
"Dear comrades, here's to you,
And here's to all the brave ones dead!
Here's to the Boys in Blue."

I don't know that I'll ever see
Another campfire, dear,
I feel that they may call for me
Before another year.
I'm glad you listened to my tale,
About the boys in blue,
And laid aside your magazine
And let me talk to you.

LIFE'S BRIGHT RIVER

Paraphrase of the Suwannee River.

Away on the banks of life's bright river,
Far, far away,
There will my heart be turning ever,
There's where the blest ones stay.
Through all this vale of sin and sorrow,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the dawn of the morrow,
And for the blest ones at home.
CHORUS.
All without is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
Oh, brothers, how my heart grows weary
Far from the blest ones at home.

Through all earth's sunny scenes I've wandered,
In life's gay morn;
Then many precious hours I squandered,
How many mercies scorned,
When seeking sin's delusive pleasure
Wretched was I;
But now my heart has found a treasure
There with the blest ones on high.
CHORUS.
All without is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
Oh, brothers, how my heart grows weary
Longing for the blest ones at home.

One hour there is forever bringing
Mem'ries of Love,
'Twas when my sighs chang'd to singing
Of the blest ones above.
When shall I see my Saviour reigning
On His white throne?
When will be hushed my heart's complaining,
There with the blest ones at home.
CHORUS.
All without is dark and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
Oh, brothers, how my heart grows weary
Sighing for the blest ones at home.

THE LAST CAKE OF SUPPER

Parody of The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last cake of supper left steaming alone,
All its bright brown companions are buttered and gone;
No cake of its kindred, no cookie is nigh
To steam on the platter, or near its mate lie.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one to meet a cold fate,
Since thy mates are all eaten, come, lie on my plate,
Thus kindly I'll butter thy steaming sides o'er,
And think on thy sweetness, when thou art no more.

Thus all cakes must follow, three times every day;
When mealtimes approach they must vanish away.
When hunger is mighty and sickness has flown,
What cake can inhabit the table alone?

POEMS WANTED

Will some one send to the Poets' Corner, the verses entitled, The Evolution of the Tadpole.

The ballad, You Are Welcome As the Flowers in May, is asked for.

A poem entitled, Peepings of the Moon, is requested. The following are its opening lines:

"The bright, full moon peeps through the crystal window pane
And streaks the cottage floor with rays of gold."

The song Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall is asked for.

The poem entitled The Four Travelers is much wanted.

A LITTLE CHAT

In answer to recent requests, the following poems have been received: The Greedy Fox, Mother Says I Mustn't, But I Loves Him, St. Clair's Defeat, Battle of Point Pleasant, and As I Lay A-Thynkynge.

Mrs. Fred W.:—We could not possibly publish in the Poets' Corner, the Merchant of Venice.

Mrs. G. S. R.:—Thank you for sending the ballad. We shall certainly give it space as soon as possible.

"Devoted Friend":—We shall do our best for you. The first poem you mention, I think, was written by Sam Walter Foss.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

CURED HER CHILDREN

Girls Suffered With Itching Eczema, Which Covered Backs of Heads—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too.

RELIED ON CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful Ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. (Mme. Napoleon Duceppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

ATTEMPT TO KILL FORT

Bomb Intended for New Jersey Executive Was Found in Mail.

Seagirt, N. J., Sept. 12.—An attempt to assassinate Governor Fort, of New Jersey, has been thwarted by the watchfulness of a postoffice employes, who discovered in the mails an infernal machine addressed to the governor.

The package was a cleverly contrived combination of powder, bullets and matches, which had been so arranged that had the governor opened it in the ordinary way there is little doubt it would have killed him.

That the death dealing package was intercepted before it had reached its destination was due to the vigilance of the postal officials, who have scanned the governor's mail with unusual care since the executive's recent crusade against violation of the law at Atlantic City.

Closed Saloons.

The attitude taken by the governor when he directed that the excise and other similar laws at the great seaside resort be strictly enforced, and even threatened to order out the militia if necessary to that end, aroused great resentment in some quarters. It was said to guard the governor as much as possible from any annoyance arising from the affair that the unusual watch was put on his mail.

Several days ago, when a package of somewhat unusual shape was found to bear insufficient postage, it was taken by a clerk to one of the postal inspectors. The inspector became more impressed by the shape and condition of the package than by the shortage of stamps, and at once wrote the governor informing him that a package of suspicious appearance addressed to him was being held at the office. The inspector asked for permission to open it without forwarding to its destination. The permission was given at once.

Exercising the greatest care, the inspector and his assistants removed the wrappings from the package to find that their worst fears were conirmed.

Crude, but Deadly.

It was a real infernal machine, crude but so cleverly constructed that it was capable of doing tremendous damage. It contained a quantity of powder and bullets with matches so arranged that a hurried opening of the package would have set off the powder and hurled the bullets in all directions.

That the sender of the machine had a grim sense of humor became apparent from an examination of the contents of the package. On a bit of paper he had written a message to the governor which read:

"Please notify us promptly of any change in your postoffice address." Another read: "You will know me better after we are acquainted."

MADMAN STABS ORGANIST

Girl Killed While Playing Organ in Church.

Charlotte, N. C., Sept. 14.—Miss Nellie Bullinger, 19, was stabbed to death yesterday by Lon Rader, 21, while she was seated at the organ playing the closing hymn at Sunday school. Rader leaped suddenly across several benches, and with a pocket knife stabbed the girl once in the back and twice in the breast. Rader is now in the Newton jail.

Several month sago Rader was committed to an insane asylum. Recently he was discharged from the hospital as cured. He said he killed the girl because she was a witch.

ONE KILLED; 5 MAY DIE

Twenty-eight Less Seriously Injured in Wreck.

Chicago, Sept. 14.—Mrs. Esther Hacox, Chicago, was instantly killed, five persons seriously injured that their death is expected and 28 other passengers were more or less seriously injured in a wreck near Chesterton, Ind., on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern road early today. A suburban train from Chicago crashed into the rear end of a special excursion train bound for Indianapolis over the Lake Erie & Western while the excursion train was standing at the station in the Indiana town, which is 40 miles from Chicago.

Three women and two men, seriously injured and unconscious, are in the hospital and unidentified and their death is expected. Most of the injured persons were from Indianapolis.

FIND BODY; MAY BE EDDY'S

Remains of Man Found in Wisconsin Woods.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 14.—The Milwaukee police have a report from Janesville, Wis., of the finding in a woods near there of a body said to answer the description of Ralph W. Eddy, who disappeared August 18 from the Plankinton Hotel in this city. No indications of foul play or suicide have yet been found. Eddy was to have married Miss Lucy Warner at Wooster, Ohio, on August 22.

CURZON IN MOTOR CRASH

Former India Viceroy Is Painfully Injured.

London, Sept. 14.—Lord Curzon, of Kedlestone, chancellor of Oxford university and former viceroy of India, suffered painful, through not serious injuries, in a collision, while driving his motor car near Sunndydale yesterday. He was severely shaken and received a cut in the forehead, but is progressing favorably.

HASKELL-FLYNN DEBATE NEARLY ENDS IN FIGHT

St. Louis, Sept. 11.—A special dispatch from Stroud, Okla., says that Governor C. N. Haskell, treasurer of the Democratic national committee, and Dennis Flynn, the Republican candidate for United States senator, were near a clash at a political debate yesterday, but were prevented from a physical encounter by friends who stepped between them.

Wrangling between the two men began as soon as they arrived in Stroud on the same train. Mr. Flynn said he had not been treated fairly when the rules of the debate were drawn, and Governor Haskell retorted that Flynn had been running away from him.

During the opening speech of Mr. Flynn, Governor Haskell kept up a running fire of questions, and when Flynn made the closing speech in rebuttal the governor again made frequent interruptions, insisting that Flynn was discussing new matter. Flynn scored Governor Haskell and his administration in a terrific manner and Governor Haskell repeatedly called him a liar. Finally Flynn angrily turned to the governor and said: "The only thing that keeps me from smashing you is the fact that you are governor."

For a time it looked as though a fight would ensue, but friends prevented an encounter. Flynn immediately turned and thanked the audience, and the debate was at an end.

OCEAN TRAVEL IS NEAR TOP NOTCH.

New York, Sept. 10.—There was no reflection of so-called "hard times" in the tourist travel from this port this summer, for figures compiled up to last Saturday show that nearly 77,000 persons went out in the first cabins of the liners for England and the continent.

All the steamships now departing have larger lists than at the same time last year, which will swell the total so that it will fall but little behind last season, which was the top notch year in the passenger traffic.

COURT FLAYED BY TRUST

Lawyers Call Big Fine an Instance of Malicious Prosecution.

Chicago, Sept. 10.—Accusing government attorneys of having juggled the evidence and styling the $29,240,000 fine an instance of "the power of malicious prosecution," attorneys for the Standard Oil company today filed in the United States court of appeals for the seventh circuit their reply to the government's petition in error for a rehearing of the case against the Standard Oil company of Indiana.

"We are being prosecuted," says plaintiff in error, "for receiving the same rate as was open to other shippers under substantially similar conditions, and because we did not pay a rate three times as large as other shippers in the Chicago switching yards would have been compelled to pay."

Only Thirty-six Offenses.

Standard Oil attorneys protest that should punishment have been imposed at all, the company should have been fined for only thirty-six separate offenses, instead of imposing the maximum penalty for each single carload on which a rebate was granted. They assert there was no understanding as to concessions until the payments were made, and therefore argue that the payments, thirty-six in number, constitute the only offenses.

The government attorneys have the right to file a reply to the answer to their petition if they discover in it new matter which they consider needs a rejoinder.

The answer will be presented to Judges Grosscup, Baker and Seaman, of the United States circuit court of appeals, and will probably be considered at the October term of court, which opens October 6.

A request to hear oral argument from either side could, under the rules, be honored by the court.

Government attorneys are challenged to find any authority to support the trial court's act of fixing "the unheard of" fine. "The provision of the bill of rights in the eighth amendment to the federal constitution forbidding the imposition of excessive fines," it is said, "enacts a cherished principle of Magna Charta, which is the foundation of American and Anglo-Saxon laws and jurisprudence.

Averring that the evidence before the trial court was not submitted fairly in the petition for rehearing, Standard Oil attorneys say "that it is the counsel for the government, and not this court, who have proceeded upon a misapprehension of what evidence was in fact submitted to the jury, as shown by the record." It is also charged that the government attorneys, in citing supreme court cases, have rendered excerpts which in connection with the context would have thrown an entirely different light on the subject.

The reply goes deeply into the laws of knowledge and intent, charging that the government made no proof whatever of guilty knowledge when presenting its case in chief, and it is argued that on this phase alone, at the close of the prosecution's case, a motion to direct a verdict of not guilty should have been sustained.

Guilty Knowledge Denied.

"In short," it is said, "there is no evidence in this record that tends to prove actual knowledge of the alleged lawful rate by the defendant—the contrary is the case; there is no evidence that tends to prove negligence on the part of the defendant.

"The petitioners seek to demonstrate the alleged inaccuracy by quoting from the opinion of the trial court that 'this court is obliged to confess that he is unable to indulge the presumption that in this case the defendant was convicted of its virgin offense.'

"The real point is: Did the trial court, in imposing punishment, take into consideration the relation between the Standard Oil company of New Jersey and the Standard Oil company of Indiana, and did it base its fine upon the wealth of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey and its ability to pay, instead of upon the wealth of the Standard Oil company of Indiana and its ability to pay?

"That the enormous fine inflicted upon the defendant was because of the ownership of its stock by the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, and because of the financial standing of the latter corporation, is beyond dispute when the entire opinion of the trial court is considered."

$173,000 CASE DISMISSED

Former Sub-Treasury Attache Is Freed in Chicago Court

Chicago, Sept. 10.—George W. Fitzgerald, accused by the state authorities of the theft of $173,000 from the United States subtreasury here, was freed today by Judge Chetlain, United States Sub-Treasurer Boldenweck, acting on instructions not to disclose evidence gathered by the federal authorities, took the stand and refused to testify. Judge Chetlain thereupon dismissed the case.

Assistant District Attorney Wilkerson, for the federal authorities, explained the refusal to allow the appearance of federal employes as witnesses in the state's case to the fact that the United States secret service forces were themselves conducting an investigation which would be embarrassed by premature publication of the evidence at hand.

BISHOP SPALDING RESIGNS

Ill Health Is Cause of His Retirement.

Peoria, Ill., Sept. 11.—The resignation of the Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Peoria, was officially announced from his residence yesterday in the following note:

"Bishop Spalding, having been ill for three years and a half and foreseeing that some years must elapse before he has hope to resume active duty in the diocese of Peoria, has, after due consideration, resolved to tender his resignation as bishop of Peoria to Pope Pius X. The bishop is now in his sixty-ninth year and still suffers from the paralysis which brought him near to death."

APPEAL COMMODITY CASE

President and Bonaparte Decide on Action.

Oyster Bay, Sept. 11.—While Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte was in conference with President Roosevelt yesterday afternoon the report of the decision rendered in Philadelphia that the commodities clause of the Hepburn railroad act is unconstitutional, was conveyed to the President's home. The President and the attorney general came to the conclusion that the department of justice should take an appeal.

Mr. Bonaparte, as he was departing for New York, said he had nothing to say except that he would take steps to appeal. He would say nothing about what the President had said in regard to the decision.

THAW MUST STAY IN JAIL

Lunacy Board Will Not Let Him Go to Pittsburg.

Albany, Sept. 11.—Any attempt to take Harry K. Thaw from the Duchess county jail at Poughkeepsie to Pittsburg or any point outside the state will be opposed by the state commission in lunacy. Dr. Albert W. Ferris, president, returned yesterday from Europe, and announced his position regarding the order of Referee Blair, of Pittsburg, that Thaw shall be taken to Pennsylvania to be examined in the bankruptcy proceedings instituted in his behalf.

Second Hearing Held.

Pittsburg, Sept. 11.—The second hearing in the bankruptcy case of Harry K. Thaw was held this morning before Referee in Bankruptcy W. R. Blair. Two attorneys, W. C. Boyd, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and A. P. Meyer, were present.

FIX BLAME FOR BIG FIRE

Three Are Indicted on Arson Charge in New Orleans.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 10.—Julius Lipps, manager, and Abe Wolf, secretary and treasurer, of the Central Glass company, of New Orleans, and John Eckert, an employe of that company, were last night indicted by the grand jury on charge of arson in connection with a fire which about ten days ago burned a portion of three blocks in the business section of New Orleans, causing a loss of $1,500,000. The fire originated in the building occupied by the company.

ASIATIC CHOLERA SPREADS

Fifty-two Cases Develop in St. Petersburg in Fortnight.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 11.—The Asiatic cholera is spreading in St. Petersburg and the sudden jump in the statistics is taken to mean that the city authorities failed to take proper precautions against an epidemic, the first suspicious cases of which were discovered a fortnight ago. The bulletin issued last night reports 52 cases.

ITALIAN BANKER ARRESTED

New Yorker Alleged to Have Absconded With $100,000.

New York, Sept. 14.—Detectives yesterday arrested Pasquale Caponiari, an Italian banker, who is believed to have absconded from this city a year and a half ago with about $100,000 belonging to depositors. The specific charge upon which he was locked up, however, was the alleged larceny of $400.

FOUR INJURED IN A RIOT

Salesman's Discharge Causes Battle in Maryland Town.

Frostburg, Md., Sept. 14.—The discharge of one of a dozen salesmen who have been working this territory for a St. Louis stove house led, late Saturday night, to the wounding of four men, two of whom are seriously hurt. J. W. Campbell, of St. Louis, was discharged by Superintendent B. S. Brooks, who came here from Cumberland with Charles Martin and was later followed by Campbell, who, after a quarrel with Brooks, began shooting.

Martin received a bullet in the chest and Joseph Bruno, a bystander, one in the abdomen. Both are in a critical condition. Campbell shot Constable Bartolon, who arrested him, and was himself shot in theleg and hand.

FEAR DRIVES TO SUICIDE

Man Bitten by Squirrel Drinks Carbolic Acid.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 14.—Fearing hydrophobia, as a result of a bite inflicted by a squirrel suffering with rabies, Fred Peterson, 45, died yesterday of carbolic poisoning. He remarked yesterday he preferred to kill himself. Five other persons bitten by the rabid animal are in Chicago for treatment.

WHY REMAIN POOR?

WE CAN PROVE THAT $5.00 WILL EARN $90.00 IN DIVIDENDS.

Because the government has thoroughly explored and reported on the Nosiniscato River Basin, and in its official Bulletin No. 53 states that it contains $182,250,000 worth of gold dust. We can prove that we own the most accessible and most valuable gold placer mines in the above basin that consist of eleven mines and 384 claims which have $92,160,000 worth of gold dust.

We give you government proofs, and governments do not deceive people. We also agree to buy back your stock at a profit to yourself if you are not satisfied.

This is why you have an honest chance to make your fortune to any amount.

Address at once for full particulars, before stock goes up,

THE PERUVIAN GOLD MINING CORPORATION,

624 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, O.

COMMODITY CLAUSE N. G.

Judges of U. S. Court Decide Important Case in Favor of Railroads.

Philadelphia, Sept. 10.—The commodities clause of the Hepburn railroad act was today declared to be unconstitutional by the United States circuit court for the eastern district of Pennsylvania. Judges Gray and Buffington handed down the opinion.

The commodities clause constitutes the fifth paragraph of the first section of the interstate commerce act, it being one of the amendments made by the Hepburn railroad act of June 29, 1906. The clause provides that after May 1, 1908, it shall be unlawful for any railroad company to transport from one state to another or to any foreign country any article or commodity, manufactured, mined or produced by it, or under its authority, directly or indirectly, except such articles or commodities as may be necessary for its use in the conduct of its business as a common carrier.

The clause exempts timber and its manufactured products, and is aimed particularly at railroads owning coal mines.

The case was argued on June 16 and 17 before Judge George H. Dallas, George Gray and Joseph Buffington. The railroad companies involved were the Jersey Central, the Lehigh Valley, the Erie, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Delaware & Hudson, the Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia & Reading.

The railroads, in their answers to the government's complaint gave seven chief reasons why the clause was repugnant to the constitution, among them being that it was confiscatory, discriminating and a prohibition and not a regulation; that it deprived the railroads of "liberty and prosperity," and violated a right reserved to the states.

IN AIR 65 MINUTES

Dayton Man Breaks Own World's Record for Flights in Flying Machine.

Washington, Sept. 11. — Orville Wright yesterday broke the world's record for time and distance for a heavier-than-air flying machine which he established Wednesday. In a flight requiring great skill on account of a ten-mile wind, he circled around the drill grounds at Fort Myer 58 times in 65 minutes and 52 seconds, exceeding the time of Wednesday's record flight by three minutes and 37 seconds. The flight was witnessed by nearly a thousand people.

Throughout the day the weather was threatening, and Mr. Wright did not arrive at the field until after 4 o'clock. The machine was wheeled across the field on the detachable wheels and placed on the starting track. At 5 o'clock Mr. Wright announced that he was ready.

At 5:08 Mr. Wright signaled C. E. Taylor, his mechanic, to release the machine. The aeroplane rose from the ground almost immediately after leaving the single starting rail.

A gust of wind, unusually strong, struck the aerial flyer during the forty-second round, and it plunged sharply, causing the crowd to exclaim in alarm. Mr. Wright then brought his machine lower, but on the fifty-third round he had reached an altitude of 200 feet.

When Mr. Wright completed the fifty-fourth round he had beaten his record of yesterday afternoon, which in turn had broken the world's record established in the morning flight of yesterday. The crowd gave a lusty cheer, but Mr. Wright was so busy manipulating the levers that he had no opportunity to wave his cap as he had done yesterday to show that he heard the approval of the spectators.

Mr. Wright came down at the northern end of the field at the end of the fifty-eighth round, landing easily. The cavalry squad, on duty to protect the machine, formed a cordon around it, and Major Squier, acting chief signal officer, pressed forward to congratulate the aviator.

"I encountered a stiff breeze," were Mr. Wright's first words. "The wind must have been blowing fifteen or more miles an hour, as I could tell by the quartering of the machine. I kept much higher than usual on account of the wind."

Wilbur Wright's Fuel.

Le Mans, Sept. 11.—In spite of the heavy fog that prevailed this morning Wilbur Wright, the American aeroplanist, was out an early hour. After describing a large circle the machine returned to the starting point and alighted, having been gone two minutes and fifteen seconds. Mr. Wright made another attempt a little later, but the fog was too heavy. At 8 o'clock the weather had cleared and Mr. Wright made his third attempt, with the intention of making a long flight. He had trouble, however, with the sparking apparatus of his motor and was forced to come down, after being 4 minutes and 52 seconds in the air.

READY FOR ANOTHER TRIP

American Fleet Coals at Albany, West Australia.

Albany, West Australia, Sept. 11.—The American battleships arrived here after a 1,300 mile voyage from Melbourne at 7 o'clock this morning. While still half a mile off King Point they formed in a square and exchanged salutes with the fort, the British cruiser Gibraltar and the Chilian training ship General Baquedano. At 10 o'clock a section weighed anchor and proceeded to Princess Royal harbor and decks were speedily cleared for the work of taking in fuel. The ships are already preparing to coal for the voyage to Manila.

The harbor today is brilliant with flags of various nations, but the American colors predominate.

AMERICAN VESSEL BURNED

Captain and Crew of the Ceylon Picked Up by Tug.

Southampton, Sept. 11.—The American built schooner-yacht Ceylon has been burned to the water's edge off St. Catherine's Point. The owner, Captain R. V. Webster, of Colombo, and the crew, left in boats and were later picked up by a tug. The hulk has been towed in to Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

ROOSEVELT APPEALED TO

Russians Protest Against Deportation of Jan Pouren

NeNw York, Sept. 12.—Jan Janoff Pouren, a Russian revolutionist who has been ordered deported from this country by United States Commissioner Shields, was the subject of a protest meeting last night in Cooper Union.

The protest is against returning Pouren to Russia, where he is accused of murder, arson and burglary. As a last resort President Roosevelt has been appealed to to reverse the decision.

POLICE ARE BAFFLED

Bullet-Pierced Hat and Pistol Are Missing Links in the Case.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 14.—The hat worn by Dr. Frederick A. Rustin the night he was shot has not yet been found, and this is considered important in view of the fact that the pistol with which the shooting was done also is missing.

Mrs. Rustin was questioned about the hat the day of the inquest, but her testimony did not disclose anything important. She merely stated it had not been seen. That the hat disappeared through the same agency which made away with the pistol is now regarded established, and the police are trying to associate the two articles in a way which may throw some light on the shooting.

It has been suggested Rustin might have placed the hat against his abdomen as a mark for the person who shot him, in the event of his death having occurred in that manner. It is also agreed that had the bullet passed through the hat before entering his body, it would have prevented powder marks showing either on the clothing or on his skin.

LONG CRUISE FINISHED

Fleet Anchors Off King Point, West Australia.

Smooth Seas Are Encountered During 1,300-Mile Trip from Melbourne.

Albany, West Australia, Sept. 11.—After a 1,300-mile voyage from Melbourne, the American battleships dropped anchor at 7 o'clock this morning off King Point, at the entrance to Princess Royal harbor in King George's sound. Great crowds witnessed the coming of the fleet, the sighting of which from Breaksea Island was reported several hours before.

Fine weather was experienced during the trip from Melbourne, from which port the fleet sailed Saturday morning. The ships encountered smooth seas and fair winds.

PROBE BOOTH COMPANY

Charges of Illegal Combination Are Made Against Defunct Fish Concern.

Chicago, Sept. 14.—A statement by Louis M. Polakow, publisher of a fish trade journal, was made the basis yesterday of a report that federal investigation might be made of the affairs of A. Booth & Co., who went into the hands of a receiver last week.

Polakow declared the prices of fish to dealers were dictated by the company, and that he was ready to give the district attorney details concerning daily meetings of representatives of the company, and certain supposedly independent fish houses for the alleged purpose of fixing prices.

Assistant District Attorney Shirer said yesterday that the department of justice was watching developments in this direction. "If the reports are true," he said, "and if the books of the company reveal an illegal combination, the government will take full cognizance of the case."

The meeting of creditors of A. Booth & Co., scheduled for today, was postponed until tomorrow to await the arrival of eastern bankers who hold paper of the failed firm. The creditors' committee of four will be increased to nine.

OHIO HAS FOREST FIRE

Big Woods Near Dorset Being Swept by Flames.

Jefferson, O., Sept. 12.—What is known as the big woods, a large tract of forest land near Dorset, is being swept by fire and farmers in that section are making desperate efforts to check the spread of the flames.

The fire, which is supposed to have been started from the spark of a locomotive, is now regarded as being beyond control. The long drouth has parched the grass and shrubbery, which is burning like tinder.

All of the men in the fire zone have responded to the call and are fighting to save their homes and buildings. Nearly all of the small streams in the section are dry and the fire fighters are greatly handicapped. Already much valuable timber has been burned.

RECEPTION FOR NEVIUS

New Head of G. A. R. Greeted by Neighbors.

Red Bank, N. J., Sept. 11.—Enthusiastic greeting was given last night to Judge Henry M. Nevius, of this city, to celebrate his election as national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was chosen at the encampment in Toledo, O., last week.

A procession marched through the principal streets burning red lights and exploding fireworks. A meeting was held in the city hall, were addresses were made. The hall was decorated with flags.

The 700 paraders were headed by Joseph T. Field as grand marshal. In the line were a detachment of the Red Bank cavalry troop, the mayor and councilmen, borough officials, Arrowsmith post, G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, batalions of the Young Men's Christian association, the Knights of Columbus and various lodges and social organizations.

POLICE GUARD AT SCHOOLS

No Trouble, as Threatened, at Collinwood.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 14.—Following threats of violence by some of the parents of children who lost their lives in the terrible fire of last March, police were on guard at the several school buildings in Collinwood when the fall term began today. No disorder of any kind, however, occurred.

Contrary to the protests of some of the parents, Janitor Hirter and a few of the teachers formerly employed in the burned school, were given positions in other Collinwood schools.

DANISH CABINET TO QUIT

King Yields to Demand of Premier Christensen.

Copenhagen, Sept. 14.—The king has accepted the resignation of the cabinet, which was handed to him yesterday by Premier Christensen, in accordance with his demand, on condition that the ministers continue to perform their duties until parliament reassembles, September 22.

BRYAN NO DEMOCRAT, SAYS HEAD OF POPULIST PARTY

Quitman, Ga., Sept. 12.—Thomas E. Watson, presidential candidate of the Populist party, in addressing an audience here, said he was the only Democratic candidate in the field.

"Bryan is not a Democrat," he said. "His platform is Hamiltonian, rather than Jeffersonian. Bryan and Watson stood on the same platform in 1896. Watson is still there and Bryan is not. Mr. Bryan has surrendered the principles of a lifetime in his selfish ambition to be president. He has sacrificed the south to win the doubtful states of the middle west. Mr. Bryan's policy of seeking the negro vote and making secret pledges to get it threatens the south with a return of the wild days of reconstruction.

"By advising the negroes to divide their votes between the two old parties and thus increase their political power, Bryan managers are sowing the political field with dragon teeth and they will spring out armed men. These Bryanite managers are sacrificing the dearest interest of the south to Bryan's personal ambitions."

COUNTRY FLAME SWEPT

Northern Michigan Is Experiencing the Worst Scare in Its History.

Houghton, Mich., Sept. 9.—Hemmed in by raging forest fires on three sides and Lake Superior on the fourth, the copper country of northern Michigan is experiencing the worst scare in its history.

Coming so suddenly after the reports from various parts of the district that all fires that have raged for the past several weeks were well under control, the present threatened catastrophe is an alarming one.

Fires in Minnesota.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 9.—Beneath a pall of smoke so heavy the electric lights are burning in midday the entire population of Hibbing is fighting with desperation to stay the progress of the flames that relentlessly are sweeping upon the town.

From both these threatened districts appeals for speedy aid have been sent in.

Hibbing is the largest and most prosperous town on the Mesaba range. The flames have been getting closer constantly. Every place of business is closed and the men are all out fighting the flames.

The district about Grand Marais is cut off by the flames, and 600 settlers are fighting for their lives, with no avenue of escape.

The fire has penned them in and the flames are rushing toward the lake shore with fearful rapidity. Many settlers may be forced to take refuge in the waters of Lake Superior.

A frantic appeal for help was sent to Duluth today by the steamer America, which brought down many of the settlers. The United States steamship Gopher, with two companies of the naval reserve, left for the north shore last night with provisions and will pick up all settlers found along the shore of the lake.

Only a change of wind will save the village of Buhl with 1,500 people, from being wiped off the map. The fires are steadily advancing on the village in spite of desperate efforts to fight them off.

The citizens of Bovey are packing their household goods and preparing for flight. Coleraine is still safe, but the streets are deserted, the residents helping the Bovey citizens to fight the fires and pack their belongings.

TAFT AND BRYAN AT FEAST

Rival Candidates for Presidency Will Meet at Banquet in Chicago.

Chicago, Sept. 11.—William H. Taft and William J. Bryan, rival candidates for the presidency of the United States, will meet at Chicago October 7 at a banquet given by the Chicago Association of Commerce, according to an announcement made here today by W. D. Morey, business agent of the association. The speeches will be non-political.

In addition to Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft, it is said that some governors of states and a number of congressmen and senators will attend the banquet.

The coming together of the two men at present looming largest in the public eye was made possible by the deep waterways convention, at which from three to five thousand delegates are expected to be present. As this movement, as well as the Chicago Association of Commerce, is non-partisan, it was felt that the occasion was an excellent one for the meeting of the two candidates. In extending both invitations, the non-political motive of the banquet was emphasized, and it is believed that both Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan will confine their remarks to waterways and possibly business matters. It is hoped to secure the attendance of J. Pierpont Morgan, and a committee of the local organizatioin left here today for New York to call upon the financier.

FIRES NOT SO DANGEROUS

Clouds and Absence of Wind Improve Forest Conditions.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 14.—Clouds and an absence of wind have improved conditions and the forest fires have almost ceased to be a menace. No rain has fallen and the situation will be threatening until moisture puts an end to the smouldering fires and makes the forests of northern Minnesota less like tinder.

Grand Marais, on the north shore of Lake Superior, is thought to be safe from further invasion by the flames, owing to back fires around the town.

The woods for nearly a hundred miles along the north shore of Lake Superior are ready to burst into flames again and millions of feet of standing timber are still in danger.

WRIGHT SETS 3RD RECORD

Remains in Air More Than 70 Minutes.

Washington, Sept. 12.—Another record smashed—another mark set for the aeroplanists who will come after him, and Orville Wright has just begun. He was in the air an hour and ten minutes and twenty-four seconds in his second flight, and during this record flight he varied the program with two figure eights about the field, just to show he could do it.

Hitherto he has made no right turns. But after some twenty minutes of circling the field and passing over the heads of the spectators last night, some notion took him to see if a little variety could not be added to the performance, so the figure eights were made, to the delight of the crowd, who were thus enabled to say they had seen something entirely new in aeronautical performances.

640,000 ON WISDOM QUEST

School Registration in New York Shows Big Increase.

New York, Sept. 12.—Registration in the public schools has closed and showed that this year there will be an increase of about 20,000 pupils over last year. The estimated registration this year is 640,000, although official reports will not be made from the various schools until Friday.

PIQUE COUCH COVER

The prettiest kind of couch cover for the schoolgirls' room is made of pique, button-hole around the edge. This can be easily laundered, and in that way is much more sanitary than the formerly used dark covering. Some of these covers are made with a plain fitting valance, which is fastened on by means of loops and small buttons placed closely together all around the main cover. When this is done the valance is buttonholed both top and bottom.

PASTOR REFUSES $500 INCREASE IN SALARY.

Catskill, N. Y., Sept. 11.—The Rev. Irving H. Berg, pastor of Catskill Reformed church, has refused an increase in salary. In August Mr. Berg's congregation gave him a month's vacation, and the church officers voted to increase his salary to $2,500, an advance of $500. When Mr. Berg returned he asked them to rescind the resolution. The officers will let the matter rest until May, when the increase will again be tendered.

FLAMES SWEEP MICHIGAN

Business Section of Peshtigo, Near Menominee, Is Wiped Out.

Menominee, Mich., Sept. 11.—Forest fires destroyed the business section of Peshtigo, six miles from here. Several hundred are homeless; loss about $200,000. There is still danger that a heavy wind may carry the fire to the resident section.

Situation is Worse.

Bay City, Mich., Sept. 11.—There is little change in the forest fire situation north of this city. In the northern part of Bay, Arenac and Gladwin counties, the fires are worse than ever, a strong southwest wind spreading them in all directions. Reports tell of the destruction of houses and barns in different sections, but so far as known no lives have been lost in the lower peninsula.

Three Meet Death.

Calumet, Mich., Sept. 11.—After sending his wife and two small children to safety at a neighbor's house, a half mile away, Jacob Hernesiemi, with his two older sons, twelve and fourteen, met death Tuesday while trying to fight off forest fires, which swept their homestead, near Otter river, clear of every building and all the harvested crops. News of the tragedy reached here yesterday afternoon. The elder Hernesiemi, with his clothing partially burned off, was found in a well at the fire swept farm, but there was no trace of the two sons.

Fight the Flames.

Port Arthur, Ont., Sept. 11.—Bush fires surround Port Arthur and Fort Williams, and all day yesterday firemen and citizens fought the flames. The whole country east and west is ablaze and the fire is gaining great headway. On Thunder Cape the whole section is lighted up with flames from forest fires. East of here along the Canadian Pacific railway it is reported that the worst forest fires in the history of the country are now raging and that thousands of dollars' worth of timber is ablaze.

Fire Surrounds Village.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 11.—Forest fires completely surrounded the village of Foxboro, 12 miles southwest of Duluth in Douglas county, Wisconsin, and the citizens are battling with the flames which are fast approaching the town. Foxboro has 200 inhabitants.

In the Adirondacks.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 11.—Forest fires in the Adirondacks are assuming a threatening aspect and rain is badly needed. Colonel William F. Fox, state superintendent of forests, reports that but little damage has been done to date and that the fire patrols of the railroad companies and fire wardens are working hard to check the flames.

POLITICIAN USES KNIFE

Gov. Altgeld's Adviser Arrested After Duel.

Chicago, Sept. 11.—Former City Collector Joseph S. Martin, for many years a leading Democratic politician and adviser to the late Governor Altgeld, was arrested last night after a fight with Peter McLeod, a contractor, in which McLeod was stabbed twice and Martin was severely injured. The fight took place before the Martin and McLeod homes.

McLeod was removed to a hospital, suffering from a wound in his right breast and one in the right arm. Martin's nose was broken and he was otherwise badly hurt.

The men had quareled over money alleged to be due Martin, for whom McLeod had acted as real estate agent.

MANIAC IS FATALLY SHOT

Deputy Sheriff Is Compelled to Defend Himself.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 14.—Herbert Green, the alleged maniac who was shot twice by Special Deputy Sheriff Archie Tolland, of Springwells, Saturday evening, while Tolland was trying to disarm him, died at St. Mary's hospital last evening as a result of his wounds.

Sheriff Burns says Tolland, who was arrested by Patrolman Harry Jones immediately after the shooting, would not be arrested again unless the prosecuting attorney ordered him locked up. "I am satisfied that the shooting was justifiable," said Sheriff Burns.

Although Coroner Bennett and the sheriff's force made every effort yesterday to locate the relatves of the dead man they have so far failed. But little is known of him, except that he had been treated as an insane man at St. Mary's hospital several times in the padded room.

THAW TO BE TRANSFERRED

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 12.—Harry K. Thaw will be transferred on Monday from the Dutchess county jail to the jail at White Plains, Westchester county, under an order issued by Supreme Court Justice Mullsat at a special term in this city today.

CANCER CAN BE CURED

At Home With My Mild Combination Treatment. It Is Not a New Remedy, It Has the Experience of Years Behind It.

DR. O. A. JOHNSON

I have spent my entire professional life in the treatment of cancer. I have so perfected my ***Mild Combination Treatment*** that I can furnish to any sufferer positive proof and scores of testimonials showing that my treatment quickly destroys the cancerous growth and at the same time eliminates it from the system, thus preventing a return of the disease.

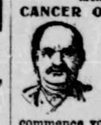
READ THE EVIDENCE FROM FORMER SUFFERERS WHOM I HAVE CURED

CANCER OF BREAST CURED IN A FEW WEEKS

I inform you, with great pleasure, that I am now cured of a very bad Cancer in the breast of four years standing. Four doctors, two of them specialists, gave me no relief and I was badly disheartened. I tried your Mild Combination Treatment and it did what you claim. I know you can cure Cancer for you cured my mother also.

MRS. C. W. SMITH, Yates Center, Kans.

CANCER OF THE LOWER LIP CURED IN A FEW DAYS



I suffered two years from cancer of lower lip. Tried everything. You cured me. I was discouraged for a long time, but when you cured Mr. Donnell, our postmaster, I decided you could cure me. You undoubtedly know your business. My advice to sufferers is to not wait, but commence your treatments at once.

J. M. RATHMEL, Waverly, Kans.

YOU CAN BE CURED AT HOME

I have so perfected my Mild Combination Treatment that patients may use it at their home with practically as good results as though it were applied at my offices. I will gladly furnish to every sufferer positive and indisputable proof that my treatment Does Cure Cancer. I will furnish ample evidence of my integrity, honesty, financial and professional ability. No matter how serious your case may be—no matter how many operations you have had—no matter what treatments you have tried—write for my book, "Cancer and Its Cure." It will cost you nothing and will tell you how you can be cured at home.

DR. JOHNSON REMEDY COMPANY
1233 Grand Ave., Suite 403 KANSAS CITY, MO.

FIRE FIGHTERS BAFFLED

Citizens of Lake Swept Regions Appeal to State for Help.

Duluth, Minn., Sept. 12.—Beaver Bay, on the north shore of Lake Superior, 80 miles east of Duluth, is reported to be burning. The citizens have appealed to Governor Johnson for aid. The Booth ship America has gone to their rescue.

Forest fires rage all over Lake and Cook counties. Hundreds of homesteads have been burned and 2,000 people are homeless. Grand Marais, 100 miles from Duluth, on the north shore, is on fire. The training ship Gopher is taking the citizens on board. Latest reports say the fire has overwhelmed the fighters. The town appears to be doomed and it is feared that 1,500 people will be homeless there.

Breaks Out Anew.

Sturgis, S. D., Sept. 12.—The forest fire, which started early in the week near the Mumford mines, near Galena, and was at one time under control, broke out anew and is burning worse than ever. Four troops of the Fourth cavalry have been out all day and will be relieved by others. The fire is now in the military wood reserve, destroying timber and cordwood.

Loss Will Be Heavy.

Washington, Sept. 12.—The forest fires which have just laid waste whole counties in Minnesota, Michigan and extended into Wisconsin, destroying many towns and making thousands of persons homeless, have focused the attention of government officials here as well as state forest officers on the enormous losses of forest wealth which will be on record for the year 1908.

In the whole northern half of the United States, from coast to coast, it is likely that the year will go down as one of the worst in the last quarter century. The latest disasters in Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin are the worst of the many that have visited the lake states this year.

A WONDERFUL BUILDING.

"The largest and most wonderful building in the world is the terminal building of the Hudson & Manhattan

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We have a word for the people who are still buying goods the old-fashioned, hit-or-miss way, and are paying several profits for goods that may or may not be right in quality.

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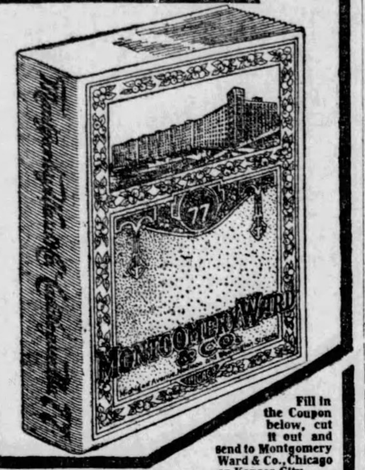

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BRYAN ANSWERS TAFT

Declares That Republican Candidate Has Been Dodging.

Philadelphia, Sept. 15.—In a lengthy interview given out on the train between Baltimore and Philadelphia today, William J. Bryan made a hot retort to Mr. Taft's statement of yesterday.

He accuses Mr. Taft of dodging and says that Mr. Taft "knows as little about my record as he does about the public questions which he is attempting to discuss."

He denied that he wants government ownership of railroads, but says he does want regulation. He charges that Mr. Taft made a mistake of $114,000,000 in his estimate of the cost of imperialism.

Advocates Reform.

Mr. Bryan said he has been a tariff reformer for 28 years, has advocated the election of senators by the people for 12 years, and has been favoring an income tax for 14 years, and Mr. Taft is only now coming around to his position on these questions.

Continuing, he said: "I said in 1898 that the Filipinos ought to have their independence. Mr. Taft has this year admitted that the people must ultimately have independence. I have maintained my position. I have also discussed the Philippine question in this campaign and called attention to the fact that Mr. Taft made a mistake of $114,000,000 in his estimate of the cost of imperialism.

"He spends some time on the money question. The money question has been taken out of politics because the unexpected discoveries of gold have given the increase which was demanded by the Republican party as well as by the Democratic party.

"Mr. Taft cannot escape from the issues. Will he define his position on the tariff question, on the labor question, on the trust question, and on the other issues that are presented in this campaign? He will not be permftted to run away from them.

Asks Explanation.

"If he prefers to delve into the past, rather than meet the issues of the present, will be explain the Benguet railroad in the Philippines and the perpetual franchises that he wanted to fasten upon the Filipinos with a perpetual guarantee of income to the corporations securing the franchises? Will he explain his record on the labor question and his silence on the tariff question and the trust question during his official service at Washington?"

WOMAN KILLED BY A FALL

Died After Striking Roof 70 Feet Below.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—Mrs. Harriet Stevens, 24, wife of Charles H. Stevens, general agent of the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis railroad, jumped or fell from the window of her apartment last night and died after striking a roof, 70 feet below. Stevens told the police that he had quarreled with his wife because she had been absent when he arrived home.

WU TO SIGN TREATY

Washington, Sept. 15.—Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, received authority from his government to sign the proposed arbitration treaty with the United States government. The provisions of the treaty, it is understood, will be along the same general lines as those negotiated with the great powers of the world.

DEMOCRATIC FUND GROWS

Contributions Received at Rate of $3,000 a Day.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—Governor Haskell of Oklahoma, treasurer of the Democratic national committee, stated that miscellaneous contributions to the campaign fund ranging from $1 to $100 were being received at the rate of $3,000 a day. These, he said, were exclusive of funds gathered by the finance committee.

Vice Presidential candidate Kern spent the day at the national headquarters discussing details of his itinerary. He left last evening for Indianapolis.

WANT ENGLISH TO RETIRE

"Young Egyptian Party" Request Parliamentary Regime.

Geneva, Sept. 15.—At a meeting held here the "Young Egyptian Party" was organized on the same lines as the "Young Turks." A dispatch was sent to Sir Edward Grey, the British secretary for foreign affairs, protesting against the continued occupation of Egypt by Great Britain and reminding him of the British government's oft-repeated promise to withdraw the troops. A second dispatch was sent to Khedive Abbas Hilmi, requesting the restoration of a parliamentary regime.

GOTHAM MAY GREET FLEET

New York Will Bring Pressure to Bear to End Cruise There

New York, Sept. 15.—There is much speculation among the members of the Maritime Exchange as to whether the Atlantic battleship fleet will end its world's cruise at New York, or whether the navy department will decide that the final destination of the fleet shall be Norfolk.

Unless the navy department has good reason to the contrary, it is believed that sufficient pressure will be brought upon the department to have the cruise end here.

President Norman, of the exchange, has asked the department to advise him as soon as a conclusion has been reached. It is expected the fleet will reach American shores in February, 1909.

PASTORS SCORE CANNON

Detroit M. E. Conference Hopes He Will Be Defeated.

Calumet, Mich., Sept. 15.—At the annual Detroit M. E. conference yesterday "Uncle Joe" Cannon, speaker of the house of representatives, whom Methodists strongly oppose, was roundly scored as a bitter opponent of prohibition, and the wish was expressed that he be not returned to congress nor re-elected speaker. Detroit was selected as the next annual Detroit M. E. conference, upon Flint's withdrawing its claim. Pastors for the Ann Arbor district were assigned as follows:

District superintendent, William Dawe; Addison, G. F. Tripp; Adrian, D. H. Ramsdell; Albion, A. W. Stalker; Azalia, L. G. McAndrew; Belleville, E. W. Fraze; Blissfield, A. B. Sutcliffe; Brighton, T. B. McGee; Chelsea, D. H. Glass; Clayton, M. J. Stephens; Clinton, J. D. Halliday; Dansville, W. E. Brown; Deerfield, E. R. Rice; Dexter, Justus A. Rowe; Dixboro, M. Loomis; Dundee, H. R. Beatty; Fowlerville, W. G. Stephens; Grass Lake, F. L. Leonard; Howell, Hartley Cansfield; Hudson, G. N. Kennedy; Leoni, Benjamin Reeve; Manchester, W. H. Smith; Marion, George McCallum; Medina, Horace Palmer; Milan, Samuel J. Pollock; Monroe, E. L. Moone; Morenci, J. W. Campbell; Munith, A. W. Wilson; Napoleon, John F. Rowe; Pinckney, D. C. Littlejohn; Ridgeway, A. T. Camburn; Saline, Howard Goldie; Samaria, A. S. Tedman; Salem, John Betters; South Lyon, M. H. Bartram.

C. W. Baldwin, of Detroit, and I. E. Springer, of Ann Arbor, whose terms as trustees of Albion college expired, were unanimously re-elected.

TOO ACTIVE IN POLITICS

Several Government Employes Are Penalized.

Washington, Sept. 15.—The disciplining of several government employes because of political activity is announced in a statement given out by the civil service commission yesterday. J. H. Rinehart, letter carrier in the Denver, Colo., postoffice, has been reduced, and E. W. Hill and W. R. Phillips, clerks in the Goldsboro, N. C., postoffice, have been warned that their political activity must cease.

Hill had been nominated for state senator, and he was informed that if he desired to retain his position in the postal service he must decline the nomination.

ASK FOR TAFT

Demand So Great Hitchcock Has Difficulty Arranging Itinerary.

New York, Sept. 12.—Since the announcement that Mr. Taft would make a number of speaking trips during the campaign the demand for him has been so great that Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock, of the Republican national committee, is having difficulty in arranging a satisfactory itinerary. Practically every state wants him and it is possible that before the campaign closes he may swing around a circle, speaking in every state where the result is not a foregone conclusion.

The itinerary for the first week of Mr. Taft's trip will be made up in Chicago at a conference to be held there on Monday next between Mr. Hitchcock and Senator Dixon, director of the speakers' bureau for the west.

Senator Foraker will make his first address of the campaign at a meeting to be held at Camp Taft, on 125th street, on October 1.

FOUR KILLED IN WRECK

Coaches Crushed Into Mass of Wood and Iron.

Clarksdale, Miss., Sept. 15.—Four persons are known to have been killed and 25 were injured in a wreck on the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley railroad, two miles south of here, yesterday afternoon, when two coaches of a passenger train rolled down an embankment. Two or three passengers unaccounted for are believed to be still under the wreckage.

The wrecked train left Jackson, Miss., at 6:25 a. m., and was known as the Jackson special. The train, upon approaching Clarksdale, was behind its schedule and was running at high speed when without warning the chair car and a day coach left the track. After being dragged several yards the two coaches filled with passengers broke loose from the cars ahead and turned over an embankment and were crushed into a mass of wood and iron.

FARMERS HAVE FIGHT

Two Italian Traspassers Are Shot on Farm Near Coldwater, Mich.

Coldwater, Mich., Sept. 15.—Because they refused to leave Guy Houghtaling's farm after being ordered not to hunt on it, Houghtaling and his son Frank Monday afternoon engaged in a running battle with three Italians, and as a result two of the Italians are in jail suffering from serious wounds and Houghtaling is at his home with slight injuries.

It is said one of the Italians fired first at Frank Houghtaling and the latter returned the fire, emptying the contents of one barrel into one Italian and the other into another member of the party. The third Italian then fled across the fields. The boy's father, who ran to the aid of his son when the shooting began, was slightly injured by stray shots fired by the Italians.

The Italians are employed at a local cement factory. The farmers say the Italian employes of the factory are intractable and quarrelsome, that they overrun the farms and shoot wantonly at song birds, squirrels, even live stock, and that they will not listen to protests.

CASKET FALLS TO GROUND

Pins Give Way While Hearse Ascends Hill.

Marion, O., Sept. 15.—Services at the grave over the remains of A. J. Jones, 56, a wealthy farmer of Bowling Green township, were dispensed with yesterday evening owing to an unfortunate accident. As the funeral cortege was en route to the cemetery and going up a rise to a culvert the weight of the casket and the 300-pound body within proved too much for the pins holding it in place in the hearse and it crashed through the doors to the ground below before the horrified eyes of the widow. The casket was badly damaged and the remains were at once interred.

PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR

Candidate Taft Rebukes His Opponent and Criticises His Record.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 15.—William H. Taft yesterday made a vigorous reply to William J. Bryan's comment to the effect that a clear expression from Mr. Taft would be of more value than eulogy from Mr. Roosevelt. The Republican candidate administered a stinging rebuke to his opponent, whom he characterized as "a prophet without honor." He also declared that time had proved that Bryan's past theories if put into practice would have proved "colossal failures."

In his reply Mr. Taft asserted that his official record, his speech of acceptance and subsequent utterances are ample indications of his own political position. He thus switched the spotlight of inquiry back to Mr. Bryan's own political record, making an analysis thereof. This is Mr. Taft's reply:

Taft's Statement.

"In my notification speech, and in other speeches made since, I attempted to make clear my position on all the issues of the campaign. If Mr. Bryan has been unable to understand them, I cannot make them plainer. Mr. Bryan should devote a little time to his own record, from which he seems to be struggling to separate himself, with all the adroitness acquired in a twelve years' hunt for an issue on which he can be elected president. The readiness with which Mr. Bryan in successive presidential campaigns passes from one paramount issue to another shows that the chief consideration which has affected his selection of an issue has been its plausibility in attracting votes.

Failures Demonstrated.

"He presents the remarkable spectacle of one who has been seeking the presidency for twelve years without success, without official responsibility, and without the opportunity to test the various propositions which he has advocated for reforms, and yet of having the event demonstrated what a colossal failure he would have made in each instance had he been permitted to carry out his proposals in the policies of the country. He does not now say whether he is still in favor of the free coinage of silver. He does not now answer the question whether, if he were president and an exigency should arise in which he would be called upon to exercise his discretion affirmatively to maintain the parity between gold and silver he would exercise that discretion.

"He has not permitted himself to discuss in this campaign the issue of anti-imperialism, which was the paramount issue in 1900 as he declared, and in respect to which the policy of the Republican party has been vindicated by the event, so that tranquility and a good government exist in the Philippine Islands, and even the Independistas prefer Republican victory to Mr. Bryan's promises.

Went on the Switch.

"He now says that he favors the more rigid regulation of the railroads. In 1896 he expressed the view that the railroads could not be regulated because the railroads would own the regulators appointed by law, and therefore he was in favor of government ownership. We hear nothing from him on this subject. Instead, by describing his platform not only as an announcement of principle, but as a protection against uncomfortable issues, he has attempted to give such an air of peace with respect to government ownership, which by its mere announcement showed its lack of the vote-catching quality.

"He professes to have been the father, and now to be the heir, of the Roosevelt policies, and yet in no campaign of the three in which he has taken part, and two in which he himself led, did he make them the paramount issue.

Charges React on Him.

"Indeed in the Parker campaign, he took occasion to charge Mr. Roosevelt with militarism and with being completely subject to the influence of corporations, only to see him win the greatest peace triumph of the world, and to secure such an effective stamping out of corporate abuses as to elicit the admiration of the entire country.

"Mr. Bryan professes to be the great friend of labor, and yet he was one of the chief supporters in the passage of the Gorman-Wilson bill that made labor helpless for four years. He then proposed as a remedy for the disasters to which labor was thus exposed, the issuing of a fifty-cent dollar, which would have cut in half such wages as there were, and would have led to the hardest kind of struggle on labor's part to restore its wages to its proper equivalent under the gold standard.

"The country has been most fortunate that the fallacy of Mr. Bryan's railroad propositins has been exposed without the cost of putting them into actual governmental practice and it will be fortunate indeed if the danger of four years' depression, to which it would be exposed in case of Mr. Bryan's election, may be averted, and if by Republican success in November and subsequent prosperity and by a clinching of the Roosevelt policies, he may be again shown to be a prophet without honor."

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Kindly publish the following statement again, as since making my big hit in a Mexican gold mine, I cannot answer the letters I receive. I believe any man or woman can make big money by buying stock in any of the rich operating mines, because Mexico has the richest mines in the world, and Mexican laws will not permit fraudulent mining schemes.

Be sure to invest in a mine that is being actively operated, and whose officers are men of integrity and honesty; a few dollars invested with such a company now may bring you thousands in a year. The Pittsburg Oaxaca Mining Co., Block 1333, Pittsburg, Pa., is absolutely reliable, and by their assistance I made over $20,000 in less than a year, having only a few dollars to begin with. A friend of mine, from a $10 investment, is now getting a dividend of $5 a month. You do not have to go to Mexico, write to the above address, and you can rely implicitly on the information you receive. J. MARSTON.

NO TROUBLE OVER MOROCCO

France Assured Germany Regards Note in Friendly Spirit

Berlin, Sept. 15.—Jules Cambon, French ambassador to Germany, has received assurances from Herr Stemrich, acting secretary of the foreign office, that Germany considers the Franco-Spanish note regarding Morocco in the most friendly spirit.

The ambassador transmitted these cordial expressions to his government. Herr Stemrich repeated similar expressions of good will to the Spanish minister.

60 DEATHS FROM CHOLERA

St. Petersburg, Sept. 15.—For the 24 hours ending at noon today there have been reported in St. Petersburg 240 cases and 60 deaths from the Asiatic cholera. This is almost double the record of yesterday.

MAINE REPUBLICAN

Bert M. Fernald Elected Governor Over Obadiah Gardner, Democratic Candidate.

Portland, Me., Sept. 15.—Additional and revised returns of the state election in Maine yesterday, altered but slightly the result announced last night, the plurality of Bert M. Fernald, the Republican candidate for governor, over Odadiah Gardner, Democrat, remaining at 7,329, with 25 small towns and 26 plantations still to report. A complete poll of the vote is not expected for several days.

The feature of the election was the increase in the Democratic vote throughout the state. Every one of the four congressional districts showed gains, the increase over 1904 being 15,000 votes, and 4,000 over 1906. These gains were made almost entirely in the rural districts, showing clearly the popularity of Mr. Gardner among the farmers of the state.

The Republican vote also was greater by 3,000 than in 1906, but it fell 4,000 below the vote in 1904. The Republicans also made good gains in the rural districts, and in addition regained six cities in the state which left the municipalities evenly divided between the two parties. All the Republican candidates for congress were elected.

The incoming legislature will be strongly Republican in both branches.

The Republican plurality is the smallest recorded in a presidential year in 25 years. The voting was particularly heavy in the rural districts, where the Democrats, largely through the popularity of Mr. Gardner among the farmers, made great gains.

FIRE LOSS IS IMMENSE

Big Lumber Yards and 20 Tenements Destroyed.

Biddeford, Me., Sept. 15.—Fire early today caused a property loss estimated at $300,000, destroyed more than fifteen acres of lumber yards, more than a score of tenement buildings, several factories and railroad property on both sides of the Saco river, in the cities of Saco and Biddeford.

On the Saco side George A. Crossman & Sons lost a million feet of lumber, and the flames reached eighteen tenement houses. The fire was swept by the wind across to the Biddeford side of the river, destroying the extensive lumber yards of the Diamond Match company, and a half dozen tenement fell prey to the flames.

More than forty families were rendered homeless.

OPPOSITION WANES

Belief Grows Hughes Will Be Renominated on First Ballot.

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Opposition to the renomination of Governor Charles E. Hughes reached its last ditch apparently in the small hours of the morning and by noon today it was the all but unanimous belief that the Republican state convention will nominate him this afternoon on the first ballot.

The name of Dr. David Jayne Hill, ambassador of the United States to Germany, was that about which the anti-Hughes "allies" made their last attempt at a stand.

It stood the subject of gossip from about 3 until about 9 a. m., and then vanished, not because of any question of the fitness of Dr. Hill for the office of governor, but because the suggestion of his name failed to furnish what the opposition has all along lacked—internal coherency. The elimination of Dr. Hill was complete when dispatches were received from Oyster Bay to the effect that the Hill proposition was not regarded there with favor.

Early today Congressman Cocks, who represents President Roosevelt's home district, telephoned to Secretary Loeb at Oyster Bay that in his judgment the nomination of Governor Hughes on the first ballot was assured.

At a caucus this forenoon of the New York county delegation a vote was taken on the question of supporting Governor Hughes, with the result that 153 voted for the governor and 34 against him.

At noon the platform committee was still at work behind closed doors. The delay in completing the platform was regarded as confirmation of the report that the majority of the committee, who are opposed to Governor Hughes, were seeking to limit the endorsement of the governor's policies within the narrowest limits that the convention would sanction. There were reports current that the platform would not be adopted without a debate in the convention.

NEW HEAD FOR BOOTH CO.

Receiver Authorized to Employ Manager for Concern.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—William J. Chalmers, receiver for A. Booth & Co., has been authorized by United States Judge C. C. Kohlsatt to employ an experienced manager to superintend the business of the corporation.

The receiver has been authorized to pay all employes of the company and to redeem all checks under $100 in cash in cases where they had been advanced to employes and had not been presented for collection prior to the receivership.

WILL NEED MORE WHEAT

England Expected to Be Good Customer.

The weather has been of an unsettled character in the British Isles during the past week, but where the harvest is in progress there has been no very serious interruption, says the New York Journal of Commerce. The most definite estimate of the crop in Great Britain is that issued this week by the board of agriculture, according to which there is a slight improvement since the last report of July 15, but not enough to alter the average promise, which for wheat is 100 (an average), for barley 98, for oats 96 and for potatoes 103. Wheat is, therefore, expected to be the best of the cereals, and potatoes the best crop of the season. If the wheat crop should prove to be an average, as is here estimated, the average yield per acre would be about 31½ bushels for the United Kingdom, and the total production about 6,500,000 quarters, against 7,000,000 quarters last year. In such a case we should expect the imports of foreign wheat in the coming season to reach a total of about 26½ million quarters, as compared with 25,305,000 quarters in the past season.

In France there is still much diversity of opinion as to the actual yield of the wheat crop, but most authorities are disposed to take a less pessimistic view of the probabilities than was the case a month ago, although it is generally acknowledged that there is a considerable deficit compared with last year's obviously abundant crop. Our own estimate, made some weeks ago was 38,000,000 quarters, and this fairly represents quarters, and this fairly well represents present indications. Such a crop would be about 5,000,000 quarters below the normal requirements of France, but with very large reserves of old wheat carried forward, it is not expected that any large quantity of foreign wheat will be needed.

In Germany the late harvest has been favored by the weather, and new wheat is now being freely offered all over the country.

In Hungary the latest, and practically final estimate of the wheat crop, is 17,800,000 quarters, or 180,000 quarters more than was estimated on August 1, against 15,050,000 quarters last year, and 23,950,000 quarters in 1906.

In Roumania the weather has favored the finish of the harvest, and has been particularly good for the maize crop. New wheat has moved freely to the seaboard, but the quality is not so high as was expected, 60-lb. wheat being said to preponderate.

FRAT FIGHT IN COURTS

Chicago High School Student Resists Expulsion.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—The fight waged by Chicago high school fraternity members against the school board for the right to retain membership in secret societies has been carried into the courts. Edward McDonald, a suspended pupil at the Hyde Park high school, filed a petition in mandamus in the circuit court denying the right of the board to expel him for failure to sign a pledge renouncing his fraternity membership. He was chosen by his fellow students to make a test case, and through his father, Edward V. McDonald, and Attorney John C. Wilson, filed a petition asking that a writ be issued compelling his reinstatement as a pupil in the school.

McDonald, with 52 others, was suspended last week after he had declined to sign a pledge that he would have nothing to do with high school secret societies. Supt. Cooley, of the board of education, claimed authority to deny students the right to attend school unless they so pledge themselves.

AIR TESTS NEAR FINISH

Wright May Make Official Trials Next Week.

Washington, Sept. 15. — Orville Wright announced today that he did not intend to make a flight until late this afternoon. From now on nearly all his preliminary flights will be made with two men in the aeroplane. By the end of the week he expects to have fulfilled the requirements of the endurance trial in his preliminary tests, and it is possible he will have made the official trials before the end of next week.

In the event that Mr. Wright fulfills both the endurance and speed trials and his machine is accepted by the signal corps, he will be required to train two officers of that corps in the handling of his machine. These will be Lieutenants Frank P. Lahm and Thomas E. Selfridge.

Mr. Wright must complete his official trials by Sept. 28, but the time for teaching the officers is unlimited.

POINTS PATH TO PEACE

Says German Emperor Could End Warfare by Merely Saying the Word.

Berlin, Sept. 15.—Andrew Carnegie has written a letter from Skibo Castle, Scotland, to Representative Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, president of the America group of the Interparliamentary Union, which convenes in this city Sept. 17, in which he says:

"I cannot escape the conclusion that the abolition of war among civilized nations as a mode of settling international disputes is very easily accomplished. There will be one man in Berlin who has only to speak the word. If the emperor of Germany ever realizes his manifest destiny, peace would follow. He has it in his power to abolish war among civilized nations. All he has to do is to ask Great Britain, France and the United States to unite with him in declaring that since the world has contracted to 'neighborhood' and is in constant and instantaneous communication the time has passed when any one civilized nation can be permitted to break that peace in which all are so deeply interested. Neither of the three countries named could afford to reject this invitation.

"Whether his majesty is to fail in this great mission or to awake some morning to his duty, we cannot tell, but I shall hope that the angel of the Lord will appear unto him."

NEW FLOUR CONCERN

Minneapolis, Sept. 12.—"The Minneapolis-Northern Elevator Co." is a new corporation, organized to operate the grain elevators of the "Minneapolis & Northern Elevator Co." It has a capital of $100,000, and a liability indebtedness of $2,000,000. The incorporators are Charles M. Amsden, Edgar A. Higgins, of Minneapolis, and Alex J. Thomson, of Duluth.

Although the difference between the title of the operating company and that of the organization which owns the grain elevators is slight, the later title will be recognized as that of the concern which was put into the hands of the receivers incident to the receivership for the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co., Limited.

Mr. Amaden and his associates made the highest bid for the operation of the 80 grain elevators, and they were awarded the contract by Judge Milton D. Purdy, of the federal court. The new company is the outcome. The elevators number 33 in Minnesota and 47 in North Dakota.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Sept. 12.—Bradstreet's says: The advance of the fall season and the notable enlargement of the movement of cereals and cotton to market at good prices have made for a further moderate expansion in jobbing and retail trade and collections. This is especially marked in Pacific coast and southern collections, but the point is made that agricultural sections have done better relatively than large industrial cities in the matter of retail trade, possibly because of warm weather or the reduced purchasing power of city workers and the high prices paid for farm produce. Industries, too, have shown some improvement, notable in this respect being coal and lumber interests. There is an increase, also, reported in blast furnace capacity, and there is more doing at the paper mills. In the textile trades little change is noted, and while the fall demand for dry goods, millinery and other lines has improved, the consensus of reports is that buying is frequent rather than heavy, and conservatism rules purchasing.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended September 10 number 191, against 210 last week; 172 in the like week of 1907; 164 in 1906; 188 in 1905, and 167 in 1904. The total reported this week in the smallest noted since last October. Failures in Canada for the week number 24, which compares with 17 last week, and 22 in this week last year.

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Sept. 15.—Enormous receipts, especially in the northwest, an increase in the visible supply and favorable weather combined to take the edge off wheat early in the day. What strength the market got late yesterday was attributed to covering by shorts on news of export sales. Liverpool was ½d higher on the opening and ⅝d up at midday. Firmness abroad was largely due to sympathy with America and unfavorable advices from the United Kingdom and Roumania. Most traders were inclined to look for a reaction, but despite the temporary slump, underlying conditions appeared bullish, especially in the local market. Cash and May lost ¼c in the early hours, after opening unchanged at 98¼c. Up ½c at the outset, December sagged from $1.00⅞ to $1.00 in the initial hour. May lost ⅛c at the opening and ⅛c later in the morning, the price at 10 a. m. being $1.00⅛.

Buying by the Patten crowd induced further purchases all around and prices advanced after the middle of the session. The chief bullish factor was renewed export business. Bradstreet's world's available supply, while showing a smaller increase from last year's, was bullish because of the decrease a year ago. Toledo cash and September wheat closed ½c higher at 98¾c; December unchanged at $1.00¾; May ⅛c up at $1.04. Liverpool closed ¼d to ⅝d higher.

Strong forces marshaled behind corn, held bears in check fairly well when the latter tried to raid the market. Cash and the near future were steady at 82c, but the far months suffered small losses. December opened ¼c lower at 67⅞c and dropped to 67c in the forenoon. May lost ⅜c, after opening unchanged at 66⅛c. Liverpool opened unchanged and at 1.00 p. m. was ¼d higher.

As the session neared the end, the effects of bearish operations was lower prices all around. Closing prices were: Cash and September, 81½c; December, 67⅛c; May, 66½c. Liverpool closed ¼d higher.

The general tone of oats appeared weak. As a rule prices were lower and the market easy. September at the start was ¼c off at 50¼c. At 10:30 a. m. December swung up to 50¾c, the previous close, after opening at 50½c. May dipped to 52¼c at 10 a. m., the start having been made at yesterday's final price.

Final oats quotations: Cash, 50¾c; September, 50½c; December, 50⅝c; May, 52½c.

Clover seed options were up 2½c on call. Otherwise there were no particular features to the market and no further changes developed before midday. October opened at $5.57½, December at $5.55 and March at $5.77½.

Cash clover seed closed 12½c up at $5.55; October unchanged at $5.55; December, unchanged at $5.62½, and March unchanged at $5.75.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Sept. 15.	Sept. 14.
Wheat—					
Cash	98¼	98½	97⅝	98⅜	98¼
Sept.	98¼	98½	....	98⅜	98¼
Dec.	1.00⅜	....	1.00	1.00⅜	1.00⅜
May	1.03⅜	1.04¼	1.03½	1.04	1.03⅞
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	81¼	82
Sept.	82	....	....	81½	82
Dec.	67⅜	....	66¾	67⅛	67⅝
May	66⅞	....	....	66½	66⅞
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	50⅜	50¾
Sept.	50¼	....	50	50½	50¾
Dec	50½	50⅝	....	50⅝	50⅝
May	52⅜	....	....	52½	52⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.55	5.42½
Oct	5.57½	....	....	5.55	5.55
Dec	5.62	....	....	5.62½	5.62½
March	5.77½	....	....	5.75	5.75
No. 2	....	....	....	5.35	5.25
No. 3	....	....	....	5.20	5.12½
Rejected	....	....	....	5.02½	4.90
N. E. G	....	....	....	4.40	4.00
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	76¼	76½
No. 2	....	....	....	76½	76½
No. 3	....	....	....	73½	73½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.62½	1.60
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.65	8.55

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	99⅝	1.00¼	98¾	99⅞	99⅝
Dec.	98⅜	99⅜	98¼	99⅛	98⅜
May	1.01⅞	1.02⅛	1.01¼	1.01⅜	1.01⅞
Corn—					
Sept.	80¾	....	80¼	80¼	80⅝
Dec.	68¼	....	67¾	68	68⅝
May	66⅞	....	66⅛	66⅜	66⅞
July	66¼	....	65⅝	66	66¼
Oats—					
Sept.	48¼	48¾	48¾	48¼	48⅝
Dec.	50	....	49½	49⅝	50
May	52⅛	....	51⅞	52	52¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	1.07⅜	1.08	....	1.07⅞	1.07¼
Dec.	1.06⅞	....	1.06½	1.07½	1.06⅞
Corn—					
Sept.	....	....	....	88	88
Dec.	79¼	....	79	79⅛	79⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	1.00¼	1.00
Dec.	99⅝	1.00	99¼	99¾	99½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept.	15.07	15.15	....	15.10	15.12
Oct.	15.30	15.37	15.12	15.20	15.25
Jan.	16.97	....	16.77	16.92	17.00
May	....	....	....	16.90	....
Lard—					
Sept.	10.17	....	10.05	10.12	10.22
Oct.	10.22	10.25	10.05	10.15	10.22
Jan.	10.02	....	9.87	9.92	10.02
Ribs—					
Sept.	9.60	....	....	9.70	9.77
Oct.	9.80	9.85	9.65	9.75	9.80
Jan.	8.95	8.97	8.87	8.90	8.95

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 15.—(Wall Street.)—All of the active trading stocks sold half to 1 lower than last night's closing on the opening sales today, the decline reaching the latter figure in the case of American Smelting and Southern Railway. Lackawanna sold at an advance of 3 and Iowa Central 1. The dealings were quite active.

Supporting orders and covering by the shorts caused a rapid rally which wiped out the opening losses. Reading was bought on a heavy scale and advanced 2 points from its low figure, touching 137⅜. Profit taking clipped a good fraction of the rally afterwards, and speculation became quiet.

Weakness in the Hill group depressed the list in sympathy for a time, but the resiliency of Reading and strength in Erie were counteracting influences. Bonds were irregular.

The Harriman stocks forged to the front after midday, and there were extensive purchases of Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Erie. Other stocks stiffened temporarily, but later the entire list relapsed again. Considerable pressure developed against Louisville & Nashville, and it fell 3 points by ½ point intervals. Great Northern preferred also sagged 2.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 15.—Receipts were more liberal and all markets reported strong and buyers advanced prices about 5c here today, the top of $7.50 being made on good corned hogs. Packers and shippers were both in the market and everything sold early.

Cattle were dull, good calves steady and sheep and lambs 25c lower.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $7.40@7.50; mediums, $7.40@7.45; Yorkers, $7.20@7.40; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $6.50@7.00; good pigs, $6.00@6.25; stags and roughs, $3.50@6.25; mixed, $7.10@7.35; bulk of sales, $7.30@7.40.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.50@7.00; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.00@5.50; fair to medium, $4.50@5.25; plain light steers, $4.00@4.50; extra heifers, $5.25@5.50; fair to medium, $3.25@4.25; choice heavy cows, $4.50@5.00; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; choice butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.75; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.00.

Sheep and lambs—Yearlings, $4.00@4.25; ewes, $2.75@3.25; wethers, $3.50@4.00; mixed sheep, $2.75@3.25; culls and common, $2.00@2.75; spring lambs, $3.75@5.25.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.50@8.00; fair to good, $7.00@7.50; common, $4.00@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—Cattle, receipts about 8,000; market weak to steady; lower; beeves, $3.60@7.60; Texas steers, $3.50@5.00; western, $3.25@5.90; stockers and feeders, $2.40@4.40; cows and heifers, $1.75@5.70; calves, $6.00@8.00. Hogs, receipts about 10,000; market higher; light, $6.70@7.37½; mixed, $6.70@7.47½; heavy, $6.70@7.50; pigs, $6.40@6.40; good to choice heavy, $6.85@7.50; bulk of sales, $7.05@7.35. Sheep, receipts about 32,000; market weak; native, $2.25@4.25; western, $2.25@4.25; yearlings, $4.20@4.75; lambs, native, $3.25@5.70; western, $3.25@5.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 15.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck's special report to The Blade.)—